



No. 45.—VOL. IV.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 6, 1893.

SIXPENCE.  
By Post, 6d.



MISS ISABEL IRVING.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.



## MISS ISABEL IRVING.

There comes a time in the lives of most of us when long-nursed purposes acquire the vitality of action; but before we take the decisive step we often spend months, or even years, brooding and pondering, as did the subject of this sketch, Miss Isabel Irving, nigh six years ago, as she cogitated, for the hundredth time, the pros and cons of the question whether she should adopt the stage as a profession. Gradually her dramatic inclination, engendered in her school days at the Golden Hill Seminary, Bridgeport, in Connecticut, where Shakspeare began to be her favourite companion, had assumed such masterful dominion as to annihilate the smallest hesitancy. Her leaning towards histrionism, must have been innate, for it could not be accounted for by family associations, hereditary taste, or by intimacy with amateur theatricals, of which she had had no experience. However, the impelling power was no chimera, albeit mysterious in its origin, for, in spite of the difficulties besetting her position, when her mind was once made up she never looked back. Miss Irving knew no one on the stage; she had no notion what steps she should adopt to get there. In despair, she studied the advertisements of the pieces being played in New York City, and her eyes lighted on the name of John Duff, manager of the Standard Theatre, and to him she determined to address herself—as well to him as any other. She wrote to him begging the favour of an interview. Anxiously she awaited his reply. At length it came. Her request was granted. But when she told him with eager insistence of the object of her ambition he shook his head and briefly answered her that she was far too young. Huffed, but not made less resolute, she wished him "Good morning." The calmness with which she accepted her rebuff would seem to have excited his curiosity for he asked, "What are you going to do in the matter? Give up the idea, I suppose?" "Certainly not," was her reply. "I shall go to every manager in the City, and then I may come back to you. Perhaps by that time I shall be old enough to go on the stage."

Her spirited answer seemed to interest Mr. Duff, for a long conversation ensued, in which all the difficulties connected with a theatrical life were clearly put before her; but, seeing that nothing could daunt her, he agreed to introduce her to Miss Rosina Vokes—a promise which he carried out. But this manageress's company was complete, and the only offer she could make the young aspirant was an engagement as an understudy during the tour through the States. But the adage that "it's an ill wind which blows no one any good" was shortly to be exemplified, for about a week later Miss Vokes sent to Miss Irving, requesting her to undertake the part of one of her company who was ill. The next day Miss Irving was called to rehearse, and the same night she made her *début* as Gwendoline Hawkins in "The Schoolmistress," creating at once so favourable an impression as to be taken on to play other parts. The following year she had made such strides in her profession that Mr. Augustin Daly engaged her as one of his company, to which she has been attached ever since. Among the most notable characters which Miss Irving has portrayed are Oberon, King of the Fairies, in "A Midsummer Night's Dream," Audrey in "As You Like It," Maria in "The School for Scandal," Helen in "The Hunchback," and comedy parts in "Nancy and Co.," "The Railway of Love," "The Last Word," "The Cabinet Minister," "The Lottery of Love," and, lately, in "The Orient Express." Perhaps no characters suit her better than Helen in "The Hunchback" and Imogen in "The Cabinet Minister." As an actress she is always essentially a woman, irresistibly bewitching, with a fund of infinite humour, which gives sparkle and life to whatever she undertakes, especially in her amusing love scenes. Miss Isabel Irving can scarcely be looked on as a stranger to London audiences, for this is her third visit to the Metropolis. Next to playing herself, she delights chiefly in dividing her time between affectionate attention to an invalid sister, to whom she loves to read from a well-stored library of which she is pardonably proud, and frequent visits to the theatre, as she is ever intent on studying her art, on which her ambition feeds and grows.

## NOTES FROM THE CONCERT ROOM.

London's New Hall. People who have lately visited St. George's Hall, Langham Place, must have noticed the large structure adjoining it, which has been gradually disencumbering itself of the scaffolding and revealing a really fine exterior. This is the latest addition to London concert-rooms, and is yecept the Queen's Hall. With such a regal title, it was but fitting that the actual first concert held within its walls should have the unusual honour of the presence of the three sons of the Queen. The first notes which rang through the beautiful hall at the smoking-concert of the Royal Amateur Orchestral Society on the evening of Nov. 27 were also, appropriately enough, those of "God Save the Queen." They heralded the entry of the Prince of Wales and the Duke of Connaught, who took their seats on the left of Prince Edward of Saxe-Weimar, and at once "lighted up," the Prince a cigar and the Duke a cigarette. In the semicircle which comprised the royal party were Prince Ernest of Hohenlohe, the Duke of Fife, the Lord Chancellor (holding sweet converse with Sir George Lewis, possibly on the question of the appointment of magistrates), the Earl of Lathom, Sir Frederick Leighton (who unites in so remarkable a degree an interest in the sister arts of painting and music), Sir Joseph Barnby, Sir Frederick Abel, and others. At the leader's desk in

the orchestra was the familiar figure of Duke Alfred of Saxe-Coburg-Gotha, who has always taken a keen personal part in the work of the society. Mr. George Mount (recently decorated by Duke Alfred) conducted a performance which was distinguished by an extra amount of carefulness. The hall, from floor to ceiling—the latter designed by Carpegat, of Paris—is designed to please the eye, its excellent acoustic properties to satisfy the ear, while its



DUKE ALFRED LEADING THE ORCHESTRA AND MR. F. DAVIES SINGING.

luxurious appointments must satisfy even the most exacting comfortable public. One especial point in connection with the hall deserves my appreciative notice. The manager, Mr. R. Newman, has been far-sighted enough as to provide a Press-room, which cannot fail to be of considerable convenience to critics. The architect of the hall was Mr. T. E. Knightley. During the interval the distinguished visitors had an opportunity of discussing the hall, the music, and some refreshments, and also of inscribing their autographs in a volume provided for the purpose. Duke Alfred went to the trouble of going on his knees in order to write his name at the table, on which stood some beautiful flowers. The formal opening concert took place on Saturday evening, when the "Hymn of Praise" and miscellaneous selections were given.—LUTE.



DUKE ALFRED SIGNING THE BOOK.



THE SERIOUS SIDE OF NATURE.



THE GALE: AN EPISODE IN THE CHANNEL.



"THIS IS THE TENTH BODY FOUND IN HIGHGATE PONDS."—*Vide Press.*



## THE PANORAMA OF THE WEEK.

Tuesday.

Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun, the first Administrator of Mashonaland, who is interviewed in our current issue, addressed a Royal Colonial Institute meeting on Matabeleland.—Lord Salisbury spoke at Cardiff.—The Prince of Wales, who was present at the consecration of the Chancery Bar Lodge of Freemasons, stated that during the nineteen years he had been Grand Master he had granted over one thousand warrants for new lodges.—The Duke of Saxe-Coburg, presiding at the final meeting of the committee which took in hand the restoration of Burnham Thorpe Church in honour of Nelson, was presented with a photogravure of three notices in the parish books bearing Nelson's name.—Princess Christian opened a new public library in St. Mary, Newington.—The deaths are announced of three political Scotchmen, Sir John H. Drummond Hay and Mr. John Charles Hope Johnstone, who were both in the Diplomatic Service, and Sir Archibald Orr-Ewing.—A memorial window to James Russell Lowell, erected in the vestibule of the Chapter House, Westminster, solely at the expense of Englishmen, was unveiled, in the absence of Mr. Balfour, by Mr. Leslie Stephen, who described Lowell's criticism as that of the lover who enters into the natural geniality of the temperaments and thoughts of the men of old.—Great alarm exists in Dublin over the attempt made on Sunday to blow up the Aldborough Barracks, which was followed by the murder of a man who was in the company of Sheridan shortly before the latter was arrested on suspicion.—A youth was hanged at Manchester for murdering an old woman at Salford.—The Marquis of Donegall was committed for two days by the Westminster County Court judge for declining to pay a tailor's bill.—It appears that both Count von Caprivi and the Emperor received infernal machines from Orleans.—Signor Zanardelli has been charged by the King of Italy to form a Cabinet.—Marshal Campos arrived at Melilla.

Wednesday.

"The Life and Times of the Right Hon. William Henry Smith, M.P." by Sir Herbert Maxwell, was published to-day.—The adjourned Jerusalem Chamber Conference on the living wage was resumed at the Holborn Town Hall, and a resolution in favour of the principle was adopted.—Lord Salisbury had a busy day, receiving a number of addresses, speaking at a luncheon at Cardiff, and laying a foundation-stone at Newport.—"A Post Office dinner," the first of its kind, was held at the Freemasons' Tavern, being attended by 260 gentlemen, all of whom, except Mr. Frank Lockwood, were connected directly with the service. Mr. Spencer Walpole, the new Secretary, attended.—Mr. John Burns was suddenly seized with illness in Northbridge Road, Clapham Common.—Fifty members of the Free Porters again took forcible possession of the Rulers' Office in Beer Lane to draw attention to the delay in winding up affairs.—The Court of Appeal affirmed the decision of the Queen's Bench Division that the Sultan of Johore as an independent Sovereign was not amenable to the laws of this country.—A Hampshire provision dealer, called Barbage, gave some extraordinary evidence against C. B. Harness.—No clue has yet been obtained to the sender of the infernal machines received by the Kaiser and his Chancellor.—A quantity of apparatus for the manufacture of explosives was found on the premises of two Anarchist suspects at Marseilles.—By a collision between a goods train and an express near Milan thirteen persons were killed and twenty-two injured.—By an earthquake in Kuchan, in Persia, between 12,000 and 15,000 persons have lost their lives.

Thursday.

St. Andrew's Day saw Scotchmen, as usual, very much to the front wherever Scotchmen are gathered together.—Lord Kelvin delivered the anniversary address at the Royal Society, reviewing some of the most important scientific events of the year.—Sir John Tenniel was entertained at dinner at the Arts Club.—The foundation-stone of a new chapel at Radley College was laid by the Bishop of Oxford.—The trial of the libel action brought by the Zierenbergs against Mr. Labouchere, which occupied eleven days before the Long Vacation, was resumed to-day.—The editor of the *Electrical Review* and the medical officer in charge of the electrical department at St. Bartholomew's Hospital gave evidence against Harness.—A man was committed for trial at the West London Police Court for libelling Mrs. Bonner, in a book by a Charles Mackay on her father, Mr. Bradlaugh.—M. Spuller abandoned the attempt to form a French Cabinet, though he agreed to hold a portfolio in the Ministry.—Herr Zimmermar, a leader of the Anti-Semitic party, attacked the Government in the German Reichstag.—An important financial institution in Rome, the Credito Mobiliare Italiano, temporarily suspended payment.—Marshal Campos refused to grant a truce to the brother of the Sultan of Morocco.—The Brazilian insurgents were reported to have gained a victory in Rio Grande do Sul.

Friday.

The forty-ninth birthday of the Princess of Wales was celebrated to-day.—The Duke of Marlborough's coming-of-age was honoured by a county ball given by his mother at Blenheim Palace.—The Duke of Leinster succumbed to an attack of typhoid. He had just completed his forty-second year. He leaves three sons, his heir being seven years old in March.—It was announced in the Westminster County Court that the Marquis of Donegall, being a baron of the House of Lords, could not be committed. He is to try to pay his debt.—Lieutenant-General Fremantle, C.B., has been appointed Governor of Malta.—Mr. H. H. Turner was elected Savilian Professor of Astronomy at Oxford.—Professor Jowett's will, a holograph one, has been proved at £18,737. He

bequeaths the bulk of his property, including his copyrights, to Balliol College.—The Stanley Cycle Show was opened at the Crystal Palace. The capital invested in the exhibiting firms is estimated at £8,000,000.—A Banffshire distiller was found dead in the snow, his pony-cart having been overturned.—The St. Giles's coroner had to deal with the case of a surveyor's clerk in Bloomsbury Square, who was found dead in a strong room on Monday, having been suffocated by gas.—An extraordinary will case came before Mr. Justice Chitty, in which the defendant, a Mrs. Cullener, said that from 1865 to the present time she had passed as a man, pursuing the calling of a plumber under the name of Henry Smith. Under the name of James Stanley she had married a Miss Newland.—Mdlle. Marmorier, a French governess and a protégée of Miss Ellen Terry, was remanded on a charge of stealing £50 from her employer's house.—The crucial paragraph of a Bill for the readmission of Jesuits into Germany was carried in the Reichstag.—An important arrest has been made at Valladolid, whereby a number of Anarchist documents have been found.

Saturday.

The Earl of Warwick and the Dowager Duchess of St. Albans died this morning.—A great meeting was held in the theatre of London University, the Speaker of the House of Commons presiding, for raising a fund in memory of Dr. Jowett. It will be devoted to maintain, strengthen, and extend the educational work of Balliol. Lords Salisbury, Herschell, and Bowen were among the speakers.—The Gounod memorial fund exceeds 80,000 francs.—The doors of the Dons' residences at Christ Church, Oxford, were defaced this morning by members of "the House," as a protest against the authorities refusing to let them attend, except under certain conditions, the Duke of Marlborough's coming-of-age ball.—A large dock, Dowgate, in London, a worsted mill in Philadelphia, a theatre in Chicago, and a huge warehouse in Paris were burned down.—A Wandsworth paper manufacturer lost an action in the Court of Session, Edinburgh, in which he sued Mr. MacFarlane, late owner of the *Scottish Leader*, for £5037 in respect of a bank guarantee. It came out that the losses on the paper, which was started as a Gladstonian rival to the *Scotsman*, were about £60,000 in six years.—Mr. Tree revived Haddon Chambers's "Captain Swift" at the Haymarket, "The Tempter" having run seventy-three nights.—Miss Jenny Hill left for Africa.—A message-boy in Liverpool was robbed of £250 in the street.—A chef and his wife were committed for trial on a charge of stealing china from Lord Swansea, the employer of the woman.—A number of women and children, recently kidnapped by the Matabele, from Beira, in Mashonaland, have been liberated.—Three Italians were arrested at Barcelona on suspicion of being connected with the recent outrage.—Owing to the incompetency of the non-unionists employed in place of the strikers on the Lehigh Valley Railroad, many accidents have occurred.—A man shot himself dead in a church at Nice, and a similar case occurred in a church in New York.

Sunday.

An abortive attempt was made this afternoon to hold an Anarchist meeting in Trafalgar Square.—Dr. Horton, of Hampstead, defended the theory of a living wage on the lines of political economy. It was as political economists that we must step in and say that less than the proposed remuneration of the worker was wasteful economically and to the community disastrous.—The Rev. Hugh Price Hughes, taking as his text the report of the Royal Commission on strikes in New South Wales, preached on industrial peace.—Mr. Le Gallienne's "Religion of a Literary Man" was dealt with at the Theistic Church, Swallow Street, by the Rev. Charles Voysey.—The Rev. W. H. Barlow, Vicar of Islington, conducted the usual herdsmen's service on the eve of the Smithfield Show.—Early this morning a painter in Paddington attempted to murder a young woman with whom he lived, went for the police, and then escaped from them.—The new French Ministry was gazetted to-day. M. Casimir-Perier, the Premier, takes the portfolio of Foreign Affairs, M. Rapal that of the Interior, M. Burdeau that of Finance, General Mercier that of War, Vice-Admiral Lefevre that of Marine, and M. Spuller that of Public Instruction and Worship. MM. Antonin Dubost, Jonnart, Marty, and Viger are appointed to the Ministries of Justice, Public Works, Commerce, and Agriculture respectively.—The Khedive, who yesterday opened the Suez Canal Company's fifty-mile steam tramway, for the conveyance of mails and passengers from Ismailia to Port Said, arrived at the former place this afternoon.—Mr. Naoroji, M.P., landed at Bombay to-day, and received a very enthusiastic reception, enormous crowds of Parsees and natives of all classes assembling to witness his arrival.

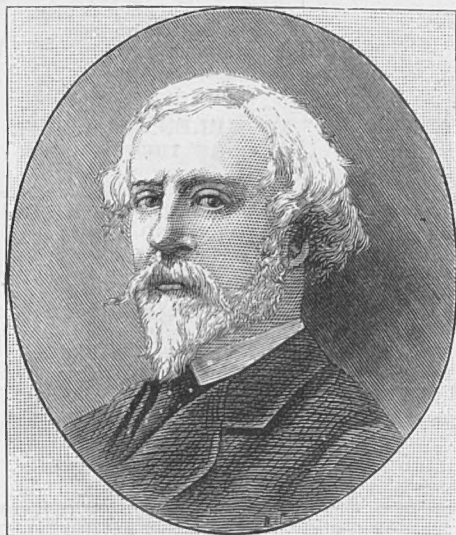
Monday.

The great event of the week is the Smithfield Club Show at Islington. The number of entries, 634, beats the records of all the ninety-five former shows.—It is reported that Scott, who is wanted in connection with the Ardlamont mystery, recently passed through Londonderry.—Lord Herschell, Lord Spencer, and Mr. Asquith, who had been at Sandringham on a visit to the Prince of Wales, returned to town to-day.—A plot has been discovered to murder Prince Ferdinand of Bulgaria. An ex-officer, named Ivanoff, is said to have made a full confession of the conspiracy, in connection with which several arrests have been made.—Of the fifty-four supporters of the New Zealand Government returned at the General Election, thirty have pledged themselves to make the interests of the party superior to the question of direct veto upon licences and other subsidiary matters.

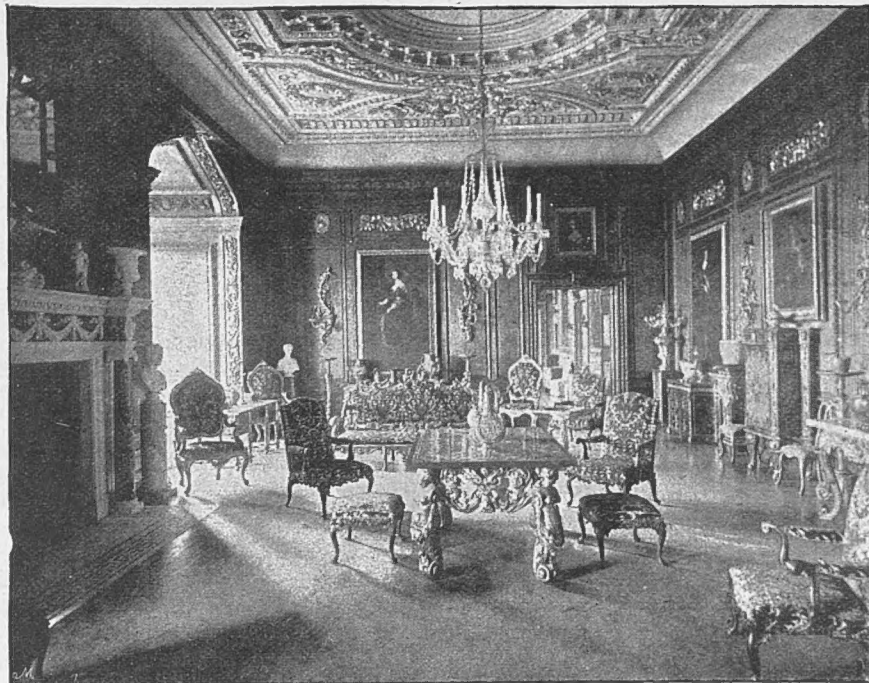


## THE LATE EARL OF WARWICK.

Within four-and-twenty hours two peers of the United Kingdom died, in the persons of the Duke of Leinster and the Earl of Warwick. By the death of the former one of the prettiest



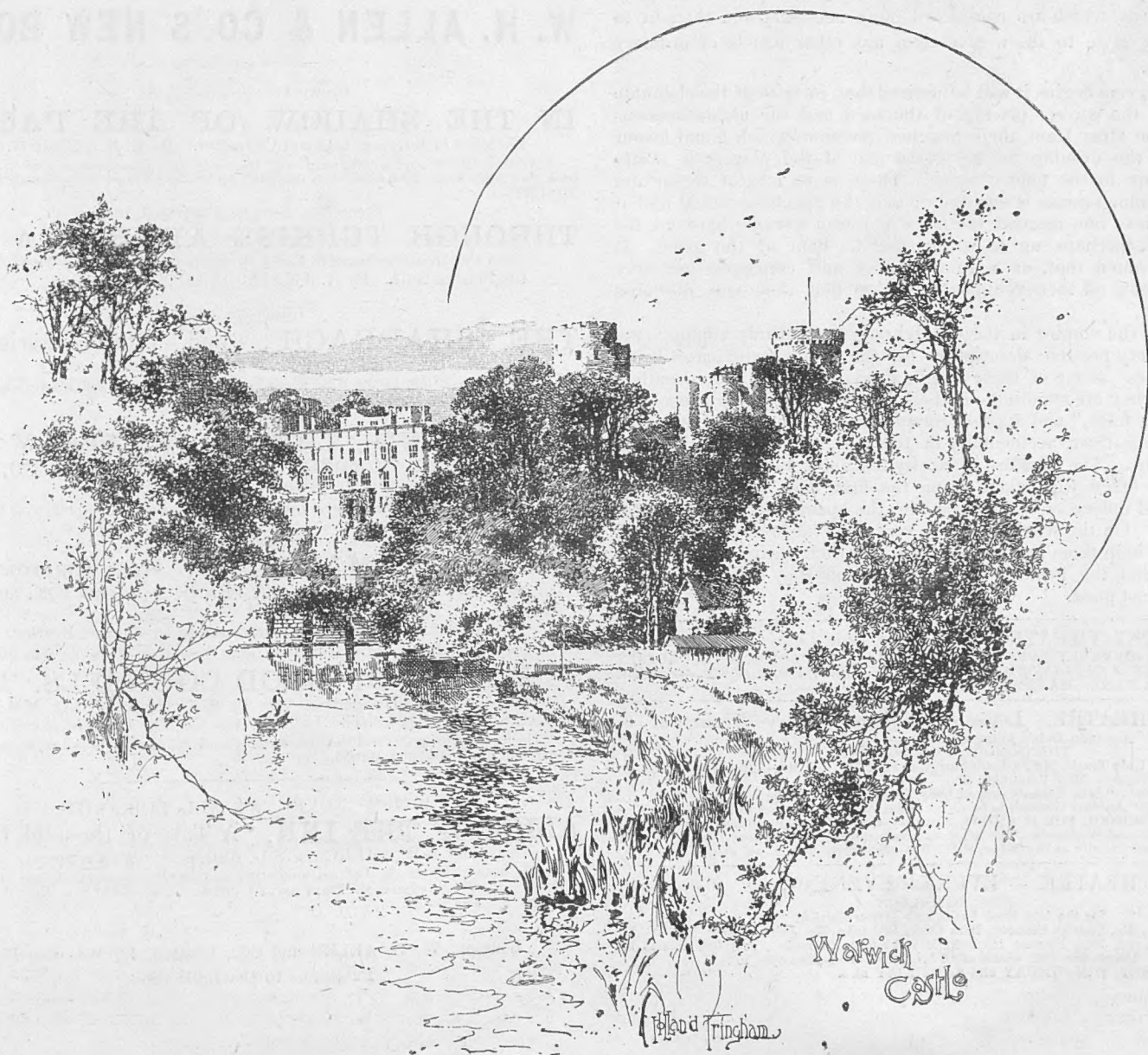
THE EARL OF WARWICK.



THE CEDAR DRAWING-ROOM AT WARWICK CASTLE.

women in the country is widowed; by the death of the latter another famous society beauty becomes a Countess. Lord Warwick was born in 1818, and succeeded to the title in 1853, two years after the birth of the Duke of Leinster. The Grevilles, Lord Warwick's family, trace their lineage away back to a Gloucestershire stock in the time of Edward III. Honours began to descend on the family in the person of Sir Edward Greville, a distinguished soldier of the time of Henry VIII. He obtained the wardship of an heiress of the Brooke family, and his second son, Sir Fulke Greville, had the good sense to marry the lady. That was the making of the house of Greville. It was a later Sir Fulke who became Baron Brooke, and whose

monument in the great church at Warwick bears the inscription (written by himself), "Fulke Greville, Servant to Queen Elizabeth, Counsellor to King James and friend to Sir Philip Sidney, *Trophæum peccati*." A hundred and thirty years later the title of Earl Warwick was added, the deceased nobleman having been the fourth to bear the later title. His son, Lord Brooke, was born just six months before his father's accession, and twelve years ago married a granddaughter of the last Viscount Maynard. Warwick Castle dates 800 years back.





## THE BOYS OF LONDON AT FOOTBALL.

On a recent Saturday, a new and very pleasing scene might have been witnessed on the Herne Hill Ground—to wit, the boys of South London engaged in friendly conflict over a football with the boys of Manchester. For some time football and “Federation” matches have been a prominent feature among the London boys’ clubs, and have yearly grown in favour, and now arrangements have been made for the meeting on the football field of boys from various big towns all over the country. This is undoubtedly a very good move.

To get some idea of the keenness displayed by the boys about this game, a visit should be paid any evening to a club in the East End, where, perhaps, the enthusiasm runs highest. There, on Saturdays, Sundays, Mondays, and Tuesdays, incessant conversation, not unmixed with cheerful recriminations, goes on over the fire about the game—perhaps only a scratch scramble with six a side, played on Saturday. On Wednesday, perhaps, there is a slight lull. The next two nights are occupied with prognostications—mostly of an optimistic character—as to the match fixed for the following Saturday. Then it begins all over again.

No less keen is the interest taken in the performances of all the more notable metropolitan clubs, and they are eager to discuss with any visitor the merits and demerits of individual players. Very overpowering is their contempt for anyone who does not know intimately all the ins-and-outs of the matches already played, or cannot guess shrewdly as to the fall of fortune in those still to come. Should that visitor be found wanting either in knowledge or in courage to hide his incompetence by expressing some sort of strong opinion, he falls hopelessly in the estimation of the boys, and before the evening is out is sure to be told by someone with refreshing candour that he does not count for much as a sportsman.

In Victoria Park, and scattered here and there on the drier portions of the marshy ground in the neighbourhood of Stratford, Temple Mills, and Beckton, and even farther afield, any Saturday afternoon will display all sorts and conditions of football, from the veriest impromptu rough-and-tumble fight to matches in grim earnest. The majority of the players wear their ordinary work-a-day clothes—not excepting “bowlers”—merely casting off their coats, and, perhaps, turning up their trousers. A few possess a pair of football boots—these are always of the most approved kind, with ankle-guards; and a very select company sport shin-guards, which are considered more necessary and thought to give a greater style to the wearer than any other article of ordinary football attire.

When the game begins it will be noticed that, in spite of the elaborate theories as to the correct placing of the men, and the animadversions upon those who stray from their assigned position, which found favour over the fire the evening before, every one of the players is pretty well everywhere in the field at once. There is no lack of vigour and energy, even some science is necessary; and the spectator would find it difficult to believe that most of the boys had been working hard all the week through, perhaps up to within half an hour of the game. It may here be noted that, as a rule, masters and employers are very good about letting off their younger hands, so that they may not miss the football.

The lot of the umpire in these matches is not entirely a happy one. Appeals of every possible description fill the air, in many cases being quite groundless. Some of these rough, strong lads, to whom it matters little whether they are standing on their heads or their heels, are very sensitive as to “fouls,” and appeal promptly and vociferously if someone else’s elbow digs them accidentally in the ribs. Dogged obstinacy is the umpire’s cue. The boys are perfectly amenable to rule, if only the upper hand is taken with them from the first and maintained; but the least sign of indecision is the signal for the opening of the flood-gates of lawlessness. On the whole, they are very grateful to anyone who will superintend or help them in their matches, and their entire abandonment to the game and the healthy vigour with which they enter into it do the visitor’s heart good.

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LAST WEEK'S PARIS.



## LAST WEEK'S PARIS.

A lady has applied for a judicial separation from her husband, a well-known Parisian doctor, on the unusual plea of not being allowed to dismiss her servants if she wants to. Sad to say, the lady lost her suit, the Court declaring that a husband is not expected to yield to the caprices of his wife, and as good as said that the man knows better than the woman if servants do their work properly or not. It seems very ridiculous that the injured lady, instead of making such a stir over a very little matter, did not use her influence in her household to such an extent that the servants were only too glad to shake the dust of the house, not out of the windows, but off their shoes, on their own account. On the other hand, the doctor and his wife indirectly proclaim the happiness of their connubial *ménage*, as they could find nothing else to squabble about except the servants, by their own showing.

A friend of mine was lately initiated into an apparently well-known *truc* for raising money by a young man belonging to a very rich family. It seems that the young man in question offered to my friend a most gorgeous diamond tiara, bought at one of the best houses in the Rue de la Paix, for which he asked about a tenth of what it had cost. It was perfectly new; in fact, the bill sent with the tiara was dated only two days previously. In answer to my friend's inquiry how he came to be offering it so cheaply, he was told, "Oh! I bought it to sell again." The jeweller knows that my people will always pay up when it comes to the scratch, and meanwhile, as they won't give me any money hardly at all, it serves them right." No wonder one hears of so many *conseils judiciaires* being applied for by anxious parents for their idiotically extravagant sons.

Liane de Pongy, quite the most celebrated *demi-mondaine* of Paris, recently had a novel petition presented to her. It came in the shape of some really clever and original verses from a man lying in prison, awaiting to be guillotined, and asking for a few louis to enable him to buy all he needed in the way of food and wine before his melancholy end. He had heard so much of her through the papers that he thought so rich a lady would never have the heart to refuse a *malheureux*, who, although he had never personally seen her, had, by the medium of the newspapers and photograph shops, long been an ardent admirer. Mdlle. de Pongy immediately sent him ten napoleons and some fruit, which, curiously enough, she had received that same morning from another perfectly unknown admirer in the island of Cuba, the latter asking, as his favour, one of her newest photographs in exchange for his huge case of fruits.

While on the subject of begging petitions, the Baronne James de Rothschild a few days ago received a letter from an unknown person entreating the gift of forty francs, relating such a tale of misery and poverty that the *concierge* was directed by the Baronne to give the sum specified when the man presented himself. The next day, accordingly, as stated in the letter when he would call for the answer, a man appeared, but in such a state of intoxication that the *concierge*, using his own discretion, gave him but twenty francs, for which he was rewarded by such a torrent of abuse and bad language that he was promptly turned out into the street, where the *concierge* saw him join three extremely suspicious-looking individuals. With the help of a policeman, who, *mirabile dictu*, happened to be near, one of the rascals was arrested, fortunately, but the other three managed to escape after a hard fight.

A very ungallant scribe has been guilty of the following indiscreet statements—that Madame Sarah Bernhardt is forty-nine years of age, Madame Judic forty-five, Mdlle. Bartet forty-four, Mesdames Théo and Granier forty-one, Madame Reichenberg thirty-nine, and Madame Régane thirty-seven. He, fortunately, has the grace to add that the fair ladies' looking-glasses are far more truthful than their calendars, otherwise he might have met with an awful and sudden death at the hands of those he has so ungenerously given away.

Comte Raoul de Rochebrune killed twenty-six brace of woodcock in a single day near Longéville. M. Paul de Cassagnac and a friend killed thirty-six brace in three days in the Pas de Calais.

A long discussion has been held in bicycle circles as to which is correct, "*monter à bicyclette*" or "*monter en bicyclette*," and to settle this momentous question grammatically once and for all the opinions of twelve Academicians were asked for. Six gave for "*monter à bicyclette*" and five for "*monter en bicyclette*," and one wise man refused to give any opinion at all. For the future, therefore, it is "*monter à bicyclette*."

There is a most inhuman and disgraceful character at large in Paris, whose amusement it is to throw vitriol on any lady's dress who may have the misfortune to attract his attention. Miss Violet Walrond, an English lady, was walking on the boulevards one evening last week with a friend, when she suddenly felt a most painful and burning sensation on her leg, and discovered that some of this dreadful fluid had been thrown on her clothes, and burned its way right through. This was the first case; but within four days six other persons were similarly treated by apparently the same cruel monster. The police are making every effort to find him, and I hope, if any vitriol is discovered on his person, they will accidentally spill it all over him.

MIMOSA.

## NOTES FROM THE THEATRES.

Really, one expected a charming entertainment from the triple bill at the Court. Young authors try their teeth on one-act plays, and constantly complain that no one will produce them, that managers say, "Oh! curtain-raisers are of no importance, since the reserved-seat folk will not come to hear them, while pit and gallery cannot hear or judge because of the noise made by the late comers; so non-copyright works are good enough." Therefore, it seemed certain that there would be a large basket to choose from, and that the pick of it would be brilliant. "Good-Bye" is a disappointment. Its author, Mr. Seymour Hicks, is a clever, very clever young actor, and has shown promise as author in "Uncle Silas," as well as in his other comedietta for the Court. Unfortunately, the lucky fellow has not outgrown the faults of his priceless youth. He has decided that a military setting would suit his play, and set to work to create one, with such success as to make critics with ill-balanced minds talk of Kipling, while "John Strange Winter" would be nearer the mark. Not appreciating the fact that it is even more important in a one-act than a three-act play that everything shall be strictly pertinent to the actual subject, he has developed the military business without taking care that it has any vital connection with his play. Consequently, his frame and picture do not harmonise: he is in the plight of an exhibitor at the Academy who has to use a gold frame, even if a black wood or walnut is essential to the just presentation of the picture.

In addition, he commits the painful fault of making his characters talk the language that common journalists write. Nothing is so injurious to a play as the crystallised commonplaces of written life. However, "Good-Bye" is strong in its defects rather than weak in its good qualities, and so we have hope. Moreover, it is a treat to see the charming Miss Ellaline Terriss as the young wife who nearly comes to grief, while Mr. Wilfred Draycott is a very dangerously persuasive tempter. Mr. Hicks is a characteristic young "sub.," and over-realistic in his shouting. The leave-taking business, however, is curiously lachrymose, and sadly un-English in its sentimentality.

If Mr. Stephenson's book to "A Venetian Singer" were half as good as M. Jacobowski's music, it would please everybody; as it is, one becomes rather depressed by its simple humours. Indeed, the spectator gets distracted enough to turn to the book of words, and then he falls foul of the lyrics. Yet, the music is graceful, and full of nice touches of workmanship. The singing of Mr. Jack Robertson and Mr. Herbert Thorndike is of higher quality than one is accustomed to in such unimportant works. Miss Giglio also sang her music in a manner that pleased the audience.

There is too much killing a dead dog in "Under the Clock." It is unlucky for the clever authors that "The Tempter" should have died young—not that it was one beloved by either gods or pit—yet, in any event, they have overdone the Haymarket business. Indeed, at times they were as dull as what they ridiculed. Nor is there much fun to be got out of mocking Dr. Conan Doyle and his Sherlock Holmes, whose superhumanly clever detective for the moment holds the field. Even Monsieur Émile Nana is only funny when he dances, and once in speech, when he begs that his private character may not be judged by his books. Nevertheless, there is plenty of amusing matter in the *revue*. Miss Lottie Venne does some wonderful imitations—her Miss Julia Neilson, to use the phrase of a friend of mine, is "even funnier than the original," and yet is remarkably life-like, her Mrs. Patrick Campbell is very good, her Mrs. Bancroft is quite herself, a chameleon feat, and is charming when she dances and sings—save when she indulges in a sentimental song which fell flat, even a demi-semi tone, once or twice. The authors worked tremendously. Mr. Charles Brookfield imitated Mr. Tree perfectly and mercilessly, and managed also to present Mr. Bancroft to us, and it was wonderful to watch him dancing apparently with utter abandon, yet with great care, to keep the burden off the damaged leg.

Mr. Seymour Hicks was half-a-dozen people to the life for half-a-dozen minutes at a time. He had a colossal American accent for his hits at the Amurican company that is teaching us English elocution, his Wyndham was wonderful, his Wilson Barrett almost as good as Mr. Frank Lindo's, and his Irving within measurable distance of Mr. Dixie's. Personally, I should like rather more dancing in the *revue*, if the quality be raised. Of good dancing it is difficult to get too much, of bad it is impossible to get too little, of indifferent it is easy to grow away and be left still hungry. At present, at least on the first night, putting aside the men, it was a question of indifference. Could not the young lady who now does an impertinent interpolated dance in "Madame Favart" be engaged if all the leaders are retained already? Though her technique is imperfect, she has the touch of individuality that is rare and delightful. The last days of "Madame Favart" are announced, so she will soon be free.

With all its faults, I should be prepared to go to "Under the Clock" again. I should like to see that remarkable clump of Trees—the "Gringoire" Tree, the "Tempter" Tree, the "Hamlet" Tree, and "Red Lamp" Tree, whose resemblance to the genuine Beerbohm was bewildering; it would please me to watch Mr. Nainby's quaint little bit of *chahut*, and hear Miss Lottie Venne's songs, and laugh at her Lady Isobel. Into the bargain, I am sure that by now there are a lot of plums that the clever, indefatigable authors have stuck into their Christmas pudding since its first appearance.

E. F.-S.



## SMALL TALK.

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome is to be congratulated upon the distinct improvement shown by his new journal, *To-Day*, in its fourth issue; paper and type have alike improved, and one is able to see, what the too hasty reader had scarcely patience to discover earlier, what an extraordinary amount of thoroughly good literary material *To-Day* contains.

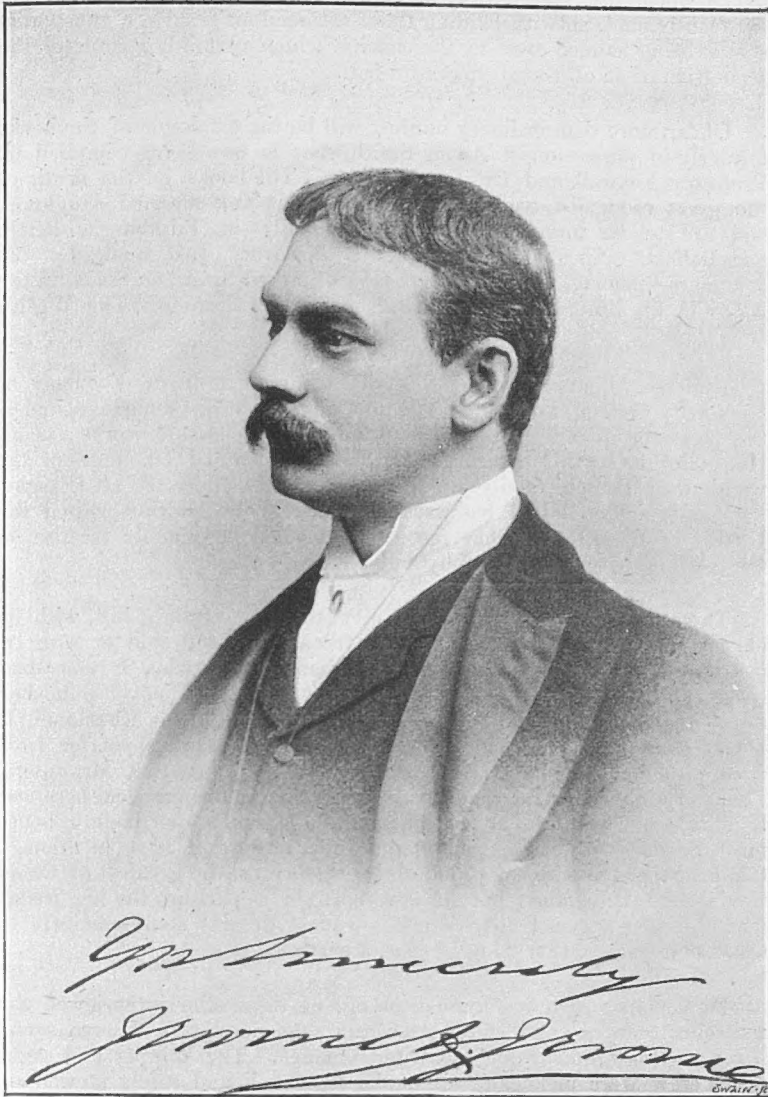


Photo by Russell, Baker Street, W.

Mr. Stevenson's story and Mr. Jerome's own feature, "Characterescapes," are alike exceedingly attractive, and there are several other excellent features running through the paper, which tend to make it a wonderful twopennyworth. At the same time, one always regrets the entrance of the literary man into journalism. Charles Dickens was one example and Thackeray was another. Is it not rather a case of cutting blocks with a razor? And Mr. Jerome's latest book, "Novel Notes," gives indication, as so much of his recent work has done, that he has a vein of serious dramatic power in fiction, of which books like "Two Men in a Boat" gave no anticipation whatever. However, I suppose Mr. Jerome knows his own business best, and I trust that his new publication, *To-Day*, may be as successful as the *Idler*.

The Queen has received a succession of guests at Windsor since the return of the Court from Scotland, but at the end of the present week the everlasting "come and go" ceases, and the officials, by way of a rest, will have to prepare for the reception of the members of the Royal Family invited to attend the memorial service to the late Prince Consort on Thursday, the 14th. The special service in the Frogmore Mausoleum will commence at twelve o'clock, the Dean of Windsor officiating and the boys of St. George's choir singing the anthem and hymns. At the conclusion of the service the Queen returns at once to Windsor Castle, and retires to her private suite of apartments. Here she spends the remainder of the day in the strictest seclusion, orders always being issued that her Majesty is not to be disturbed upon any pretence whatever.

The Court is to leave Windsor Castle on Tuesday week for Osborne, and her Majesty will remain in the Isle of Wight for about nine weeks. The Queen will leave Windsor Castle shortly after ten in the morning, and will travel by special train direct to the Clarence Yard at Gosport, where she will embark on board the royal yacht *Alberta*, arriving at Osborne in time for luncheon. The Queen will entertain a large family party at Osborne during the Christmas holidays, including the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, Prince and Princess Christian and Princess Victoria, Princess Louise and Lord Lorne, and the Duchess of Albany and her children.

The Earl of Rosebery had an unusually long audience with the Queen when he went down to Windsor Castle, and it is understood that South African affairs were the principal topic touched upon. Lord Rosebery gets on wonderfully well with the Queen, and is the only member of the present Government who has any real influence with her Majesty.

According to the London correspondent of the *Eastern Morning News*, a letter was posted three months ago at the south side of the Thames, addressed to a firm in Hampstead. It reached its destination a few days since, having arrived by the Cape mail. The letter got inside a copy of the *Illustrated London News* while lying in a suburban post-office, addressed to a gentleman in Swaziland. It fell out when the paper was untied, and was despatched back to England, where it arrived after a journey of 15,000 miles. Such an incident serves to show what a wonderfully delicate thing the whole Post Office system is, and how good reason we have to put our faith in it.

With silver at a price so low that it seems almost farcical to call it a precious metal, and remembering the vast stock of ingots, amounting to about twenty millions sterling, lying unused in the vaults of the United States, it is hardly surprising to learn that silver mines all over the world, once the source of wealth to their possessors, are being—at any rate, for the present—abandoned. Gold-mining, however, is waking up; indeed, a venture of this description has within the last few days been offered to the public, a notable event in a period that for long has been almost a close time for company promoters. Under these circumstances, it seems a pity that the Government should not see its way to remit the prohibitive royalty of 5 per cent. on the gross production of gold, which has always strangled the industry of gold-mining in Great Britain and Ireland. A Welsh mining engineer of long experience told me the other day that he could find gold enough in the Principality to give employment to many a miner, and that a handsome profit might be earned were but the royalty exacted in the name of the Crown 5 per cent. on the net results, and not on the out-put. He assured me that many a Welsh farmer had grown comfortably "warm" on the gold found in the bed of some brook or river running through his land. Armed with an innocent rod and creel, the result of a morning's fishing would be a very satisfactory one, and the native gold that found its way home in his basket, unsuspected by any Government Inspector of Mines, was a remarkably comfortable addition to the slender profits that were to be made from the tilling of the soil. In Scotland and Ireland, I believe, there is also a good deal of the noble metal, but in these countries the cost of working cannot bear the extra weight of the Government tax any better than in gallant little Wales.

I am reminded of the advent of Christmas by the immense array of charming stories and games with which one is being tempted at every turn. Perhaps the most striking of all presents with which it is possible to enliven a company of juveniles at this festive season of the year—as one always calls it in accepted parlance—is a beautiful magic-lantern, which has just been shown to me by Messrs. Theobald and Co., 43, Farringdon Road. It is, perhaps, needless in these days of magic-lantern entertainments to dilate on the immense variety of delightful pictures with which the owner of one of these lanterns can provide entertainment for his guests; here are humorous sketches by the dozen, and one can give one's young friends a choice between a temperance lecture, "The Life of Joseph," a discourse on Natural History, or the tale of "Little Red Riding Hood." But, as a matter of fact, there seems to be no phase of life or literature which is not now touched by the magic-lantern, and the happy possessor of this treasure will certainly give his olive branches a good time.

Another Christmas present, to which my attention has been specially called, is a game called "Ascot," which, equally with the magic-lantern, one cannot easily carry about in a Gladstone bag. The toy, when unrolled, will go to the full extent of the room. Some ingeniously manipulated threads of wire are attached to a number of racehorses, and by turning a crank, as in our illustration, you may set the whole



show in motion, and delight in the whole excitement of—I will not say of a race meeting—but, at any rate, of *les petits chevaux* at a Continental theatre in one's own drawing-room. I have not quite made up my mind yet as to the scientific principle which makes these horses so absolutely uncertain in their movements; but the toy strikes me as quite one of the cleverest I have ever seen. It can be obtained of Messrs. Parkins and Gotto, Oxford Street.



Science for the million is being admirably supplied by the Gilchrist Trust, the secretary of which is Dr. R. D. Roberts. The Trust exists, not merely for organising science lectures for the people, but also for giving bursaries and scholarships, and for aiding and getting up Extension courses, over and above the regular lectures.



DR. ANDREW WILSON.

Dr. Gilchrist's money, in fact, is made to benefit the nation. The members of the staff are Sir Robert Ball, Dr. Dallinger, Dr. Andrew Wilson, Professor H. Seeley, Professor V. Lewes, Professor A. Laurie, Professor Miall, Professor Milnes Marshall, and Dr. Roberts, while other scientists also lecture for the Trust on occasion. The main qualification which Dr. Roberts and the Trustees demand in their lecturers is the ability to make things plainly understood by the

people. Dr. Wilson is familiar as a popular scientist. He starts his lectures to-morrow at the Free Library, Bethnal Green, when, if the audience is anything like what it has been at other lectures, 5000 or 6000 people may be expected to attend. But Dr. Wilson is an old hand; he has been on the Gilchrist staff for ten or eleven years. He is also one of the lecturers of the Combe Trust in Scotland, under which he gives eight lectures in physiology and health in eight towns selected by the Trustees every year. A weekly course of these lectures which he delivered at Greenwich was attended by 3000 people. But he lectures independently of those Trusts, his engagements coming chiefly through the Lecture Agency, London, so that he goes all over the country in a session, literally, almost from Land's End to John o' Groat's. One might suppose this a very wearing kind of life, but Dr. Wilson overtakes all the work by adhering to a rule of living carefully, regularly, and, above all, plainly. His experiences as a lecturer are so varied that he has contemplated publishing them. Occasionally he tells his audience some of these experiences by way of illustrating a point.

Poor Lobengula, that conquered, perhaps by this time captured, monarch, has, it is reported, become abnormally bulky from a too great indulgence in the good things eatable and potable of South Africa. Indeed, he has developed so "mooch extension," as I once heard a Frenchman describe it, in that part provided by Nature for the bestowal of comestibles, that he is fain to hold his *levées* reclining flat upon his stomach, with a bullock-wagon for a throne. All the native African races seem to have a wonderful gift of eating when provisions are plentiful, and I remember hearing from an officer who took part in the early campaigns at the Cape how he saw one of the friendly Kaffirs sitting on the steps of an official residence in Cape Town, a huge leg of mutton, half-eaten, in one hand, while with the other he gently rubbed his "corporation," murmuring the while, "Tretch, belly, 'tretch; no hab get roast mutton ebry day."

When Mr. Whistler was recently asked his opinion of black-and-white art in England his answer was dissyllabic, "Phil May." It needed not the names of writers of repute like Mr. Walter Besant, Mr. W. Clark Russell, and Mr. Gilbert Parker to make the smart little book entitled "Phil May's Winter Annual," published by Mr. Walter Haddon, certain of obtaining success. Sufficient for most of us is the fact that the versatile and vivacious fancy of Phil May has here delightful scope. Besides many humorous pages which are "warranted to amuse," there are splendid examples of Phil May's extraordinary power in portraiture with his characteristic economy of touches. Take, for instance, the sketch of the Prime Minister, which gives the effect of aged vitality with extremely few strokes. Then we have reminiscences of the artist's visit to Newlyn, and illustrations to jokes which *Punch* must envy. Of the literary portion of the annual, the story by W. H. Devenish is decidedly novel in conception. Altogether, Mr. Phil May and his coadjutors merit the thanks of any who find life "no laughing matter."

Birmingham is gradually exchanging its prosaic Brummagem halo of early days for the sporting and more aristocratic aspect which follows on the getting of money. An exceedingly well got-up crowd with doggy proclivities witnessed the opening of an annual event which seems to yearly increase with the good people of Birmingham in popularity. I mean the Great National Exhibition of Sporting and other Dogs. The Curzon Hall was crammed on the occasion with good dogs, good fellows, and lovely women, notwithstanding the rigours of climate which prevailed. All the principal winners in the country were entered for competition, special interest attaching to the newly established class for dogs which had won four or more prizes before.

An excellent dance in aid of the Children's Hospital was given last week at Westminster Town Hall. The organisation was in excellent hands, Lady Troubridge, Mrs. Adrian Hope, and Mrs. Ernest Field being

prominent and active workers in the good cause. Considerably over three hundred people mustered, and, as everybody was as much as possible somebody else's acquaintance, the occasion was not marked by that frigid temperature which usually pervades a "subscription affair." Mrs. Gibb was, perhaps, the handsomest woman in the rooms, as Miss Ellis Jeffreys—who came on from her conquests in "Madame Favart"—was certainly the prettiest. Abundantly decorated frocks were a feature of the occasion, white as a colour being most in favour. Dancing men assembled strongly, the "merely ornamental" element having apparently stayed away or turned over a new leaf. Supper did excellently, and, notwithstanding these tremendous results, a substantial sum is being handed over to the charity, which certainly completes the reputation of an all-round successful ball.

Of far more than ordinary interest will be the catalogue of the books formerly in possession of Adam Smith, that is now being compiled by Professor Foxwell and Dr. James Bonar. The books, on the death of the great economist, were divided between his two married daughters, and are to be found at present principally at Edinburgh, Perth, and Belfast. Specially notable is a discovery just made by the compilers—namely, that all the passages marked by Adam Smith in the books in his library were afterwards quoted by him in "The Wealth of Nations."

Professor Foxwell, who holds the chair of Political Economy at University College, London, was Fellow of St. John's, Cambridge, and is the possessor of one of the finest libraries of economic works extant. His colleague in this enterprise, Mr. James Bonar, LL.D., comes of the well-known Scotch family of that name, was educated at Glasgow University and at Balliol, has written a book about Malthus, edited the Letters of Ricardo, and has recently published a valuable treatise on the relations between philosophy and political economy.

The attractions of Camberwell Grove, the long, straight hill, with its old-fashioned houses and its fine old trees, have been said or sung by many, among others by the novelist William Black, who, I remember, lived there fifteen or twenty years ago, and who, in a novel published about that time, compared the Grove by moonlight to Chamouni, if I remember rightly, or, at any rate, to some romantic spot far from smoky London and its grimy suburbs. Now I learn that Mr. Joseph Chamberlain, whom I ignorantly believed to be Brummagem born and bred, first saw the light at 188, Camberwell Grove, which historic house must be close to the one inhabited by the novelist I have mentioned. Camberwell is apparently proud of its celebrities, the greatest of whom was Robert Browning; but he was born in a part of the big parish which neither poet nor novelist in his wildest dreams could compare to Chamouni or any other "lovely spot of earth."

Particulars which reach me from one of those who interviewed the surviving crew of the ill-fated American schooner Frank Warren sound like a veritable old sea-dog's yarn for romance. The skipper and eight of his crew were picked off a foundering wreck and safely stowed on board the English steamer Iran on the morning of Nov. 11. With a hurricane blowing "from all sides and the centre" at once, it was no slight feat to launch a rescue boat, but the thing was done, and five plucky British Jacks risked their lives, as only sailors do, to help their sinking fellow-men, in a tiny boat which it was level betting would either capsize or momentarily sink. Each man saved had to be dragged through a cross-sea, and, as one of the sailors sentimentally observed since, "it was ten to one if I ever ate Yankee pie or baked beans again." When all were off they set fire to the deserted ship and made for the port of Havre, where they arrived late at night, with a new lease of life, apparently, and every disposition to enjoy it.

The beauties of temperance are beyond dispute; the beauties of total abstinence, though not so obvious—indeed, by many authorities they have been absolutely denied—have found countless admirers; but the beauties of the poetry written in praise of cold water as a beverage are conspicuous by their absence. The other afternoon it was my fortune to meet a young Scotch gentleman who, though by no means a teetotaler, had been brought up among the strictest total abstinence surroundings, and he amused the company by repeating many strange verses which in his childhood he had been compelled to learn. Of all the curious samples quoted, the one that struck me most was the following, which, sung to a slow, lilting tune, had a weird effect—

Let others go to flames below,  
Where cooling waters never flow,  
And lost souls burn in fever;  
From wine and spirits we will shrink,  
Pure limpid water only drink,  
And be abstainers ever.

The Manchester Ship Canal, like most large enterprises of the kind, has been the fruitful cause of deaths and disablements by those employed in cutting its future way. The first sod of this undertaking was raised just six years ago, and about a month after, in the January of 1888, the first fatal accident took place among the workmen. Since then over one hundred and fifty have come by their deaths in the works, and those labourers permanently injured amount to close upon two hundred, while the number of minor accidents and mishaps amount to close on fifteen hundred. Truly, the workers pay toll for working in such situations as this.





A RIFFIAN WARRIOR.



Miss Fanny Brough was reported as, having told her *Sketch* interviewer that she was "a season with the Bancrofts, and with Toole, playing *ingénue rôles*, when he had the Gaiety." Mr. John Hollingshead writes me that Miss Brough was a member of his company, Mr. Toole never having had the Gaiety. Mr. Robert Brough, before he went to Australia, and his uncle Lionel were also members of Mr. Hollingshead's company. He further adds that Mr. Brough was a man of real genius.

When Mr. Willard comes back to town with Mr. Barrie's play, it is within the range of possibility that his company will include a very capable actor, Mr. William Mollison, who played Mr. Willard's greatest



Photo by Brown, Barnes, and Bell, Liverpool.

MR. W. MOLLISON AS BAILIE NICOL JARVIE.

part, Cyrus Blenkarn, in the provinces for two years on end. Mr. Mollison, who is a native of Dundee, has won his present high reputation as an actor by an arduous career of twelve years' varied work over the length and breadth of the country. He began on the bottom rung of the ladder in those rickety companies where the ghost declines to walk. In one such company he played a leading part in a different play every night for eighteen shillings a week. This was not without its use, for the young actor soon found himself, along with Mr. E. J. Lonnen, in Miss Marriott's company, playing Rosencrantz to her Hamlet. Another rise found him in Mr. F. R. Benson's

company, where he played everything in the shape of old comedy and the "legitimate" for four years, an experience which, unfortunately, a great many actors of to-day lack.

It was as an interlude in this run of the "legitimate" that he played the part of Bailie Nicol Jarvie in "Rob Roy," Mr. Sims Reeves being Francis. "Rob Roy" is little known on this side of the Border except through Mr. Terry's delightful burlesque, "Robbing Roy"—by-the-way, why doesn't somebody revive this piece? The Bailie remains Mr. Mollison's best known bit of work. Mr. William Allan, M.P., was so struck by it on a recent occasion that he penned a poetic tribute, the closing verse of which ran thus—

Could from his tomb the mighty Wizard view  
This presentation of unequalled art,  
He would exclaim, with homage-giving heart,  
"This is the very Bailie that I drew."

For two years Mr. Mollison toured with Miss Bateman, playing Gloster in Wills's play, "Jane Shore," and then he made so great a hit as Cyrus Blenkarn in "The Middleman" that Mr. Tree took him to play in his provincial tour the parts created by Mr. Fernandez. Mr. Tree, indeed, offered him a place at the Haymarket, an offer that had to be declined with regret, in view of an engagement with Mr. Wyndham. But Mr. Mollison must sooner or later appear in town, and when he does so he will make his mark.

It seems only the other day that I asked the question in these columns, Where is Miss Emily Soldene? This was *à propos* of my boyish recollections of "Geneviève de Brabant" and "La Fille de Madame Angot." And to-day there comes to me from the *Evening News* Office, Sydney, Australia, a letter from that lady, telling me how glad she is to be remembered in the old country, and that she has left the drama for dramatic criticism, the stage for the Press. "I am quite a newspaper woman now," she writes, and she encloses some of her contributions to the Australian journal with which she is connected—criticisms of this and that dramatic entertainment at the Antipodes. Truly the whirligig of Time brings its revenges, to actresses as to others. I wonder whether other of our latter-day musical favourites will sooner or later do likewise, whether Miss Florence St. John will write the musical criticisms of ten years hence, and Miss Letty Lind discourse upon dancing? I only hope that if they do they will send some of their articles to *The Sketch*.

What shall we do with our boys when our girls have ousted them from their present employments? was the question I asked a week or two ago, and lo, I have one answer in a flourishing millinery establishment in Oxford Street. To my surprise, I learned that this is carried on by men, that the hats and bonnets are designed by men, trimmed by men, descanted upon to the once weaker sex by men; in fact, the only thing the men do not do is to wear them. For show purposes they employ a very nice young lady, but I am assured that this rose among the

thorns is only there absolutely for show, and that she gives no hints and no help in the matter of decoration. My readers in want of a novelty can go there for themselves, and actually see a "male man" trimming a hat or a bonnet. Here, then, is a glorious opening for our boys. I did not ask whether they took apprentices, but I suppose they do, and surely careful mothers would delight to see their lads so sweetly employed.

Who has not heard of Teddy Wicks, the champion shaver? This sort of skill seems to be hereditary, for Teddy's daughter, aged eight, is able to scrape thirteen chins in ten minutes, and Mr. de Rutzen granted her a license to appear at the shaving competition at the Aquarium last Monday. A new and most important kind of labour and conquest opens before ladies in this latest idea, which has caught on so in America. A want felt by most men who dine out is a somebody who can tie the white bow of evening fashion, which so tries the tongue and temper of your ordinary male. In Paris men hire themselves out for this purpose, and go from house to house as a regular thing "tying knots." In America emancipated woman makes dollars in the same way. Somebody has or is about to start a guild with the same object here, so that altogether, though statistics say that only fifteen men out of an aggregate one thousand marry every year, young women may, on the whole, be advised to "cheer up."

Many weeks ago—it was early in September—I wrote in this column of the quiet delights of Canvey Island and of the manner in which some artist friends of mine had enjoyed a holiday there. A lady reader of *The Sketch* sent a letter to the office asking some particulars of the place and the best way to go there. The letter was sent on to my London address, but I was enjoying a hard-earned rest in the country. The letter was not forwarded, and, indeed, was in some way or other mislaid, and only came to light among a heap of papers a few days ago. With apologies to "A Constant Reader," let me, better late than never, inform her that Canvey Island is to be found on the map of Essex, that it is some ten miles this side of Shoeburyness, consequently that distance from the mouth of the Thames, on the northern shore of which "silver" stream it is situated. The nearest station is, I believe, Benfleet, which is on the London, Tilbury, and Southend Railway: London terminus, Fenchurch Street. From Benfleet to Canvey Island is some miles, and that must be driven or walked. On Canvey Island itself there are, as I said, some houses and a church. There is also a "public," the Red Cow, where the accommodation is ready, I believe, but rough. My friends were at a farm, but as this farm, which was so comfortable, has changed tenants, I can no longer say that quarters may be found there. At any rate, I imagine my correspondent would hardly choose this time of year for a few weeks' stay among the marshes, but next year, should she desire to do so, it might be worth her while to make inquiry on the spot.

South Devonians, and the many tourists who have pleasant recollections of the unrivalled river Dart, and, perhaps, even more than these, the gallant officers in our Navy who spent a portion of their youthful days on board the old Britannia—where, by-the-way, the late Duke of Clarence and the Duke of York were cadets, known among their comrades, I believe, as "Sprat and Herring"—will be glad to possess a copy of the capital etching just finished by Mr. David Law, which represents the fine old war-ship at her moorings in the lovely west-country river. This etching is published by Frost and Reed, of Bristol, and I should recommend all those folks whom I have referred to, if they want a most pleasing and artistic memento, to lose no time in ordering a copy, a proof, or otherwise, as their taste or their pocket may determine.

A mania for curios is the distinguishing feature of many young bloods of the day, who fancy themselves in pretty rooms, and are willing to pay for their environment. I sometimes take a Friday-to-Monday peep at Paris as an invigorator after the heats and labours of Fleet Street, so, finding myself in the classic neighbourhood of the Hôtel Drouot on Sunday week, I lounged in to see what works of art were on disposal. Foremost of all was a quaint old eighteenth century carriage, somewhat of a sledge shape, decorated plentifully with hunting scenes and other over-candid revelries. I longed to buy it, but it was somewhat ambitious as a mantel ornament, and would with difficulty, I felt, accommodate its roomy proportions to the humours of a tenth-floor flat in Westminster. So the ambition had to be, like many others, abandoned. Two exquisite Louis XVI. chairs in painted wood, however, transferred themselves to me, and since they crossed the Channel I find, on examination, that both are signed "Jacob," which considerably enhances their importance and the value of my bargain.

Since the days when the romantic trunk-hose and the elegant knee-breeches were displaced by the modern nether garments known to the world as trousers, one of the troubles of the true dandy has been the unshapely bulging of those very necessary portions of our costume at the knee. Great care is exercised by many mashers in sitting down, and the proper arrangement of the trousers at this trying period is an art never acquired by many. There have been, I believe, young men who have never sat down when clad in their "Society" trousers, and many means have been adopted to conceal the ravages made on one's nether garments by ordinary wear. It has been left to an up-to-date masher of the first water to sigh for a return of the days of chivalry in this connection. When questioned as to the reason of his yearning, he replied, "Because then the men wore tin trousers, don't you know, and they couldn't bag at the knees."



## A VETERAN CHARTIST.

The recent grant by the Prime Minister of a gratuity of £50 from the Civil List Fund has drawn attention to John Bedford Leno, the Chartist poet, who was born in 1826 in the little village of Uxbridge. Here, amid the most charming Middlesex scenery, he cultivated his



JOHN BEDFORD LENO.

boyish love for the beauties of Nature, and here, in his sixty-eighth year, he lies stricken with an illness that has forced him to lay aside his pen for ever. The whole of the intervening period has been literally crowded with activity and incident, from the day that he decided to leave minding cows and learn to set up type to the time when he found himself owner, publisher, and editor of the *Westminster News*.

Thoughtful and keen of observation even as a child, he longed to educate himself, and through a friend's influence secured apprenticeship as a compositor. Soon discovering his facility with the pen, and possessing a good baritone voice, he set to work writing songs and

recitations for delivery at the village "free-and-easy," an institution which he soon raised far above its original level.

Meanwhile he had begun to take an active part in the working-class movements of the day. His speeches, pamphlets, and contributions to workmen's papers leading, however, to loss of employment, he had to tramp the country for work. In the "fifties" we once more find him in his native village, printing the *Uxbridge Pioneer*, and collecting and revising his earlier verses for publication. This volume, which he issued under the title of "Herne's Oak, and other Poems," received the most favourable criticism, especially from the *Athenæum*, which dubbed him "The Burns of Labour," and declared that his "Song of the Spade" was one of the best in the language. This song, which reveals unmistakably the influence of Burns's work, has been translated into nearly every European language, and has drawn letters of admiration from Professor Blackie, Victor Hugo, and Garibaldi.

About this time, he, together with Gerald Massey, one of the editors of the *Pioneer*, threw up his connection with that paper, and with about twenty shillings paid-up capital the two young men launched the *Spirit of Freedom*. This paper, which they wrote, set up, and printed between them, attracted such notice that they were soon approached by Charles Kingsley and F. D. Maurice with respect to the starting of a co-operative printing association. Leno, however, on reaching London, heard of a struggling Working Printers' Society, and characteristically refusing Maurice's offer of £3 a week, he threw in his lot with the old society, on whose behalf he appealed to his new Christian Socialist friends. His appeal brought £25 from Tom Hughes, some aid from Mr. Vansittart Neale, and orders for work from Kingsley and Robert Owen.

The contact with these cultured men into which the now well-educated printer was brought spurred him to new efforts, and the chance query of a fellow-compositor, "Why don't you put down the 'stick,' Leno, and take up the pen?" decided him in his intention of entering on a journalistic career. The starting of the *Christian Socialist*, with Kingsley as editor, gave him an opening, and for years he was one of the most regular contributors. On the editorship of the *Commonwealth* becoming vacant he secured that post, and at a later period became publisher, owner, and editor of the *Westminster News*. Meanwhile, he had taken an active part in politics, and James Beal used to say that John Stuart Mill owed to Leno's work his return as Member for Westminster.

Nor had he been less industrious in his poetical work, for in addition to the "Last Idler," published soon after leaving Uxbridge, he had in 1868 issued "Drury Lane Lyrics" (so named because he lived in that locality), and in 1878 he completed his "Tales of Kimburton." These graphic pictures of village life are the least known of his works, although "Grease the Fat Sow" and one or two others are extremely popular as recitations.

All the non-political lyrics are instinct with that simple delight in the joy of life which inspired some of the best work of his three favourite poets.

Oh, come where streams are singing and meek-eyed flowers springing,  
And catch the breezy freshness of the morn!

In these words he commences his "Invitation."

The last of his works is the "Aftermath," a collection of legends and short poems, published in 1892, in conjunction with an autobiography that teems with anecdotes and reminiscences of many now dead, and some few yet alive. You read of Gladstone, Disraeli, Ernest Jones, Bradlaugh, Garibaldi, Thornton Hunt, the Christian Socialists, and many others with whom Leno has come in contact, but too little by far of the author himself. He had just finished this autobiography before being struck down by paralysis. In 1891 the Hotspur Club opened a fund for Mr. Leno, which reached £50, a sum which, together with the proceeds of the "Aftermath," has saved the old poet from poverty.

## "ON WHICH THE SUN NEVER SETS."

Mr. Labouchere and the *Daily Chronicle* do not, by any means, monopolise the attitude of strenuous opposition to the Mashonaland business. The Johannesburg *Critic* has even more strongly denounced "the noble army of Chartered martyrs," whose conquest will add another page to the history of England's questionable achievements, though it also believes that every white man will sympathise with the "brave boys who are now risking their lives for no other purpose than to secure for Cecil John Rhodes a few more thousand acres of land, which he and his ducal dupes in England will promptly sell to the confiding British investor."

It is a common view to regard the colonies as Philistine and utilitarian. The recent meeting at Adelaide of the Australasian Association for the Advancement of Science showed how mistaken the idea is. Committees were appointed to study the evidences of glacial action in Australia, to prepare a census of the minerals of Tasmania, to collect the seismological phenomena of Australia, and to encourage psycho-physical and psycho-metrical investigation throughout Australasia; while the Government of South Australia, hard up as it is, undertook to place a sum of £500 on the estimates towards printing the proceedings of the Association.

One other committee was formed to take steps for the protection of native fauna, with local committees to report on the vernacular names of Australian birds. The protection of birds agitates the colonists as it does ourselves. In furtherance of the resolution to afford the insectivorous birds of Victoria the protection which they are entitled to under the Game Act, the Customs department recently seized some mopokes at a bird-fancier's. Three magpies were seized at the same establishment. They were sent to King's Island, where the magpie has hitherto been unknown.

No more concise summary of the progress of the Australian colonies appears than the Australian edition of the *Review of Reviews*. It has just completed a series of articles on the great Australian dailies—the oldest of which, the *Sydney Morning Herald*, is just sixty-three years old—over thirty journals being dealt with. The conclusion arrived at is that Australian journalism, as a whole, is prosperous, and deservedly so, "for, merely as a vivid picture of energy, skill, and fortitude, the records of early journalism in Australia are amply worth preservation."

The General Election for the New Zealand Parliament, which took place last week, was remarkable from the fact that, in accordance with the new Electoral Act, women over twenty-one years of age were enabled to vote. The women eagerly availed themselves of their new privileges, and voted in large numbers. As a rule, they supported candidates professing Christianity and advocating temperance.

All the members of the Seddon Ministry have been elected, the Hon. W. Rolleston, leader of the Opposition, being defeated. Thirty-three new members have been returned. By-the-way, the Wellington Women's Franchise League presented all members of both Houses who voted for the measure with a red camellia, tied with a red ribbon.

Exceedingly interesting is the Official Year Book of the colony, just published by authority. It has been compiled by the Registrar-General of New Zealand, Mr. Von Dadelszen, who has naturally worked up the statistics of his own department in detail. The population is estimated at 692,426, which includes 41,993 Maoris and 4087 Chinese. Nearly half, or 366,716 persons, were born in the colony.

Mr. James Grose has been appointed a member of the Council of the Governor of Madras, in succession to Mr. John Henry Garstin, C.S.I.

The President of the Calcutta Medical Society told the Opium Commission last week that nearly twenty per cent. of the population of Calcutta are opium-eaters. They generally begin at the age of thirty-five. He holds that it is a social necessity.

It is anticipated in India that Lord Elgin will inaugurate a new era by abolishing the metropolis—in other words, by permanently transferring the seat of Government from Calcutta to Simla. A good deal of cheap sarcasm has been aimed at Indian legislators for hurrying away up to the hills at the first approach of summer, and Simla has been rather unfairly likened to Capua—probably, though it did not enter the minds of the reformers that their agitation might result in the abolition of Calcutta. But if Englishmen are to continue to work and administer public affairs beneath an Indian sun we are not sure that that alternative is not the wiser.

Anyhow, the *Morning Post* of Allahabad, the capital of the North-West Provinces, displays a stern joy at the thought of the approaching disestablishment of the present capital. "Though Calcutta," it remarks, "may fret and fume, she will have to accept the inevitable, and the new Viceroy will begin his reign by sweeping away one of the most glaring scandals that ever disgraced an Administration making any pretence to rule an empire seriously."

## NOTE.

The *Sketch* will be on sale in the UNITED STATES at the "Illustrated London News" Offices, World Buildings, New York; and in AUSTRALASIA, by Messrs. Gordon and Gotch, at Melbourne, Sydney, and Brisbane.



## MISS EDITH CHESTER.

Miss Edith Chester, the Lady Orreyed of "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," has come triumphant out of the ordeal which the intervention of the Queen's Proctor has entailed on her during the past few days, and turns back to her stage work with a lighter heart than she must have been



Photo by Van der Weyde, Regent Street, W.  
MISS EDITH CHESTER.

able to do during the harassing trial of her case. However, her domestic affairs need not be noticed further beyond referring to the fact that she probably derives her blonde beauty from the northern region of Archangel, her father having been Russian Consul at far-away Onega.

Miss Chester had an early leaning towards things histrionic, for even in her "teens" she was responsible for the burlesque "My Pretty Jane," in which she appeared as a slender page so artistically as to excite the brush of Mr. Whistler. Another amateur production was a gruesome tragedy from her pen, entitled "The Hangman's Daughter," quite Ibsenish, indeed, in treatment. It was her appearance, however, during a memorable Canterbury Week that settled her professional career, for she was seen and "caught up" by Miss Rosina Vokes as a "find," and was carried off to America, where, with other amateurs, many now of dramatic note, she toured as one of a company "set forth" as lords and ladies playing *incognito*. On her opening night, which was a great success, she wore a bunch of violets, and, parenthetically, it may be stated, won the adoration of an admirer, still unknown, who forwarded to her nightly a posy of those modest flowerlets. Since that *début* the violet is Miss Chester's special fancy, as symbolical of the luck which she then encountered, and which every one of us desires to self-appropriate. The original part of Lettice Vane in "Harvest" was Miss Chester's creation on her first taking her place before a London audience, and it admirably suited her, being a strong and sympathetic character, and, therefore, one of her favourite parts, though that of Lady Carlisle in "In Honour Bound" ran it very close. However, Miss Chester's intense love of music and her peculiarly correct ear—she owns to no knowledge of music—found a large field of pleasure in playing Lydia in "Dorothy," while another example of her versatility may be instanced in her graceful dancing, the product of her training under Madame Marie, of Alhambra repute. To her repertory she has added her appearance in "Your Wife" at the St. James's, and subsequently the leading rôle in "Sweet Lavender." She certainly made a memorable mark as Lady Beaulere in "A Pantomime Rehearsal," and as Kate Merryweather in "The Idler," and also as Nan in "Kit Marlowe" on tour with Mr. Alexander, while her Lady Orreyed in "The Second Mrs. Tanqueray," under the same manager, at the St. James's, is nightly immensely admired. This is all the more notable seeing that the part is not one that the ordinary audience sympathises with, for Lady Orreyed was once the notorious Mabel Hardy, whom Cayley Drummie describes as belonging to a type that is immortal. It is the cleverly convincing way that Miss Chester plays that calls forth commendation. Her whole bearing in the part is photographic of the class to which Lady Orreyed belongs, from the crimson silk dress to her gorgeous jewellery. With exceptional beauty, a charming voice, artistic talent, and a host of sympathetic friends, Miss Chester has a future before her.

## RACING NOTES BY CAPTAIN COE.

Lord William Beresford will, I hear, engage in the sport of kings when he returns to England, and it may be that we shall see him riding in steeplechases once more. It is a somewhat remarkable fact that the two brothers Lord Marcus and Lord William Beresford have registered the same racing colours, namely, light blue, black cap. Of course, this saves expense, but I do not think it is allowable under the rules of racing, although I find by the records that a noble lord registered the same colours under Jockey Club Rules that I had adopted under the laws of the National Hunt Committee. It may be that in the case of the brothers Beresford Lord Marcus was allowed to use the colours of Lord William during the latter's absence from England. Anyway, we shall be all glad to see Lord William on the course once more.

The flat-race jockeys are now enjoying themselves. M. Cannon is still trying to improve his health at Bournemouth, and G. Barrett, who has been below par for many months, has gone to Egypt for the winter. T. Loates is to spend his time between the Newmarket Drag Hunt and the Shires, and Watts will do the same. The last-named, by-the-bye, contemplates starting as a trainer before long; and Fred Webb has rented Mr. Ex-Judge Clark's stables with a view to commencing business in the same line at once. R. Chaloner has succeeded to his mother's business. Bradford will play football and dominoes to pass the time away, G. Chaloner and White will shoot pigeons and play billiards, and James Woodburn will enjoy some skating directly we get plenty of ice. It is, too, quite on the cards that all of the jockeys named, or the majority of them, will spend a few days in London to go the rounds of the theatres and music-halls, as jockeys are passionately fond of the play.

That fine old sportsman, Sir John Astley, Bart., will give us his reminiscences in the form of a very interesting book, to be published early in the new year. Several chapters might, with justice, be devoted to the doings of Peter alone, as Sir John must have lost a fortune over that erratic animal. It is to be hoped, too, that Sir John will tell us something of his military life when he was in the Crimean War, and he might well give us a few chapters on his political experience, as he was always voted a mirth-provoking M.P. Again, we should like to read of his experience in the promotion of long-distance pedestrian races, especially the six-days' walk, which he started with a prayer. Although one of the most popular sportsmen of our day, Sir John has been far from lucky, and it would be interesting to read the true history of the result of his racing speculations.

Lord Brooke, who has just become the Earl of Warwick, is one of the best patrons of sport in the eastern counties. His Lordship hunts, shoots, is always present at the local steeplechases, and can generally be looked for at any athletic fixture held within hail of his lovely place, Easton Lodge, Dunmow. He has in Lady Brooke a charming wife, who handles the ribbons like a Selby and rides to hounds as straight as the crow flies. Her Ladyship often runs horses at the local hunt meetings,



LORD BROOKE (NOW EARL OF WARWICK).

which she invariably attends. Lord Brooke is a Captain in the Warwickshire Yeomanry Cavalry. He was at one time Conservative M.P. for East Somerset, and for Colechester afterwards, and is now a regular attendant at the Carlton, although I fancy his favourite club is the Bachelors'.



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## MAX O'RELL ON HIS TRAVELS.

## THE FRENCH HUMOURIST IN AUSTRALIA AND SOUTH AFRICA.

Entering Max O'Rell's new house in Acacia Road, St. John's Wood, you are immediately confronted by a formidable array of clubs, knobsticks, and other offensive weapons. They are hanging thus upon the wall, I am relieved to learn, when Max emerges from his study into



Photo by Morris, Dunedin, New Zealand.

MAX O'RELL.

the hall, not for the sake of convenience in repelling interviewers, but as souvenirs of many pleasant hours spent among the aborigines of John Bull's dominions.

"I found the Maoris in New Zealand and the Kaffirs in South Africa," he says, "almost more interesting than the colonists themselves. In Zululand and the Transvaal I spent most of my leisure time in visiting the native kraals, and it was a matter of regret to me that I was unable to push farther up country, so as to have seen Mashonaland.

"On the other side of the hall I am going to put a nice collection of assegais, but they have not arrived home yet. Do you see this little cane-stick? It is a great curiosity, the bow of the pigmy bushman. These bushmen, who, as you know, were absolutely wild, having nothing to do with the ordinary native tribes, have been extinct, I believe, some twenty years. This little weapon is consequently a rarity. The point is poisoned, and, I am told, with such a potent poison that it would probably kill anyone even now. This is the famous knoberry which the Kaffir tribes always use on great occasions, whirling it above their heads with terrific force"—and Max O'Rell handed for my inspection a long and heavy stick, with a murderously-looking knob at one end.

"Come into the study, and I'll show you my album of photos taken in Australia and the Cape with a Kodak camera."

And M. Paul Blouët, to give him the name which is now almost as well known as that which he adopted for his books in compliment to his Irish ancestry, opened the door of his study, motioned me into an easy chair, slid into another himself, and proceeded to roll, as only a Frenchman can, two fragrant cigarettes. I took advantage of his preoccupation to interrogate him concerning his two years' travels.

"Oh, I've had a splendid time," he replied, "in America, in Australia, in New Zealand, and in South Africa. Notwithstanding change of climate, hard work, and hard travelling, I kept well all the time. This will give you an idea of what I got through in the way of lectures." It was the itinerary of the American tour, which, with the exception of a week at Christmas, showed an almost continuous course of lecturing for five months on "America Through French Spectacles," "The Happiest Nation on Earth"—which is, of course, France—"Sandy at Home," "H.R.H. Woman," and "John Bull at Home." These last two were, I was told, the most popular lectures of the whole tour. As to the financial results of his journeyings, I did not venture to directly interrogate Max O'Rell; but I accidentally learned that for three lectures—"comedy lectures" they are described—at the Standard Theatre, Johannesburg, the receipts were £580.

"I had only one misfortune on my tour, and that was the serious illness of my daughter in New York. As you know, both my wife and daughter accompanied me on this tour. She caught a fever at the hotel,

and was at one time in serious danger. But five months' stay up the country in New South Wales, at the house of my brother-in-law, who is a doctor, and has a fine practice there, quite restored her to health, I am happy to say. I spent a week there myself, riding and shooting in the bush. I think I liked New Zealand best of all; its climate is magnificent. But what I could not understand was why in such a climate the people should stick to all the old English ways, should have their houses built just the same, should eat the same kind of food, and wear the same kind of clothing. For such a climate, it seems to me, they eat far too much meat and live too little in the open air. There are not the open-air *cafés*, concerts, &c., such as you would expect, and such as would be so enjoyable in so genial a climate. In some respects, the Australians," continued Max O'Rell, as he contemplatively handled his cigarette, "are more English than the English—in their Sabbatarianism, for instance. As you know, I have often lectured at institutes, &c., in London and the provincial cities on Sunday afternoon or evening. But throughout my tour the only place where a Sunday lecture was desired, or could be given, was in Johannesburg, where the population is largely cosmopolitan. At Invercargill, a town with some 8000 people, where I gave my first lecture in New Zealand, I was taken to the top of a high tower by the Mayor, from which I could see buildings that would accommodate 20,000 people, and every one of the citizens appeared to own the house he lived in."

"I expect the Australians will be anxiously looking for your book—of course, you're going to write one—about life in John Bull's colonies?"

"Well, it is the universal characteristic of young countries to be curious about the impression it makes on others. In the different towns I visited I used to be stopped in the streets by people I had never seen before, who asked me what I thought of the country."

I did not ask Max O'Rell for his "impressions" after the painful manner in which he told me this. The warning was effectual. But one of his impressions from the Cape can be shrewdly guessed from a story he told me of one of his earliest experiences there.

"I was in want of some handkerchiefs, so I went across the road to a drapery store. The shopman was about to give me the handkerchiefs, when I said, with marked politeness, 'Will you be so kind as to mark them for me?' 'What do you take me for?' he replied. 'Can't you go and get some ink and mark them for yourself?' I admitted the force of his argument; but when he said that such a thing as marking a customer's handkerchiefs was never done anywhere, I was bold enough to say that it was done in England, but, perhaps, that was a place he had not heard of. 'Yes; I've heard of it, but I don't know exactly where it is.' Of course, I ought to have respected the man's independence by buying the handkerchiefs, but I didn't."

Max O'Rell then produced his photograph album, wherein he had placed "snap-shots" of scenes in the Australian bush and the Maori settlements, in Zulu kraals, and on the Transvaal roads. One of his most successful pictures was a portrait of "King Billy," an old black, who was at one time the Sovereign of a powerful tribe, but is now an object of charity in the streets of Rockhampton. Other souvenirs of his travel he has in the shape of copies of books, with autograph inscriptions, written by Sir George Grey, Sir Henry Parkes, "Ralph Boldrewood," and other prominent Australians. He was also able to spend an hour or so with Mr. R. L. Stevenson, when the ship by which he travelled to New Zealand made a brief call at Samoa.

"One of the most interesting men I met was Krüger, the President of the Boer Republic, whose portrait hangs yonder. I attended a sitting of the Volksraad, and was greatly struck by the old-world air which



ON THE ROAD FROM DURBAN TO ZULULAND.

seemed to pervade the place. The Boers are about two hundred years behind in most things. Would you believe it, they refused to take any steps to counteract a plague of locusts, because it is one of the plagues mentioned in the Bible as being sent for the chastisement of the sinful? My own opinion is that the Transvaal will eventually become an English Republic; the greater energy and ability of the Britisher is bound to tell in the long run, but it will never again be a colony."

With which pleasant tribute to John Bull's good qualities, let me write *finis*.

F. D.

## A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

LOUISE.

BY SIR R. H. ROBERTS, BART.

Deep snow covers the north of France. The thermometer is almost at zero. The cold is intense, but the heart of the people is burning red-hot with indignation and a desire for vengeance on the invaders of their

sound of footsteps outside caused them both to start. Then came a heavy knock at the door. They both rose to their feet.

"Come in," said the Captain, drawing himself up to his full height.

The door opened, and a sergeant of the 57th Prussian Regiment entered. The moment he caught sight of the Captain instinct made him salute.

"Pardon, Monsieur," he said in tolerable French; "but an officer, his servant, and three horses are quartered on you. They will arrive shortly."

"I have only four rooms, Sergeant; one is occupied by my daughter, another by myself, the third by my servant, and there is this room. I have no stabling."

"Sorry, but must obey orders"—and the sergeant produced a piece of chalk, marked the door, saluted, and left.

For a moment there was consternation and exclamation. Then Louise burst into tears, speedily followed by Suzanne.

"Come, come," said the old soldier, forcing a smile. "Remember, Louise, you are a soldier's daughter. This is war, and we cannot make war with rose-water."

"Oh! my father what will these wretches do? They will insult us."

"Not while I am here, my child."

"They will murder us," sobbed Suzanne.

"Now, don't be foolish, but let us rather think what to do."

Finally, it was thus arranged: Louise was to give up her room to



The door opened, and a sergeant of the 57th Prussian Regiment entered.

hearths and homes. Poor souls! little do they know of the state of affairs of their now unhappy country; they do not even stop to inquire, but look upon Gambetta as a god.

After the disaster of Sedan and the surrender of Metz, "La Pucelle," the German Army of the North is covering the siege of Paris—not yet surrendered. It is under the command of General von Göben, whose headquarters are at Amiens, commanding the line of the Somme, and guarding the road to Paris. The command of the French Army of the North has fallen to General Faidherbe, if the term army can be applied to some 60,000 men composed of the dépôts of different Line regiments quartered at Lille, Douay, and Cambrai, stragglers from other corps, Mobiles, *franc-tireurs*, one solitary squadron of dragoons, and an artillery mostly composed of fortress guns. But Faidherbe was a brave soldier and a capable general—one of the few, alas! for France. Already at Bapaume he had nearly compelled the Germans to evacuate Amiens and abandon the line of the Somme, when darkness came on, and the advantage he had gained was lost by reinforcements arriving for the Germans during the night, and it is immediately after this action that our story commences.

The billeting of the German troops in and around Amiens had been heavy and the burden grievous to bear, but to none so disastrous did it prove as to Captain de Monceaux, a retired cavalry officer, who had fought with distinction at Magenta and Solferino. A fine specimen of the old French soldier was Alfred de Monceaux: with the courage of a lion he combined the heart of a woman. He resided in a pretty little cottage in the outskirts of Amiens, on the Bapaume road, and his household consisted of his son, then with his regiment under Faidherbe, his only daughter, Louise de Monceaux, and a faithful servant, Suzanne. At eighteen years of age Louise was certainly the most beautiful girl in the *arrondissement*. She was idolised by her father and spoiled and petted by Suzanne. It was on Nov. 29, 1870, the battle of Amiens having taken place on the previous day; the dull evening had closed in with a heavy fall of snow. The Captain and his daughter had just seated themselves at their humble supper, the old man with a sad, grave expression on his face, his daughter pale and nervous, when the tramping



"Good-bye, my little sister," he said, embracing her, while she put her arms round his neck and kissed him.

the officer, and, with Suzanne, take possession of her father's room; the private was to have Suzanne's room, and a bed was to be made up for the Captain in the lumber-room under the roof. Scarcely had these



arrangements been completed, when another knock sounded at the door. and on the invitation to enter the latch was lifted, and a tall cavalry officer, enveloped in a long blue great-coat, entered, followed by a hussar bearing some baggage.

"I am sorry to disturb you, Sir," he said politely, in excellent French, "but I am told I am billeted here. The Major gave me to understand you were an old soldier who had seen much service. You will, therefore, understand that—that—"

"Perfectly, Sir, and I will endeavour to make you as comfortable as my poor little cottage will permit. I am entirely at your orders. As to your horses, I regret that—"

"Hearing you had no stabling, I have arranged for them close by, so please do not distress yourself. My name is Rudolph von Armsdorf,

uniform of the King's Hussars, entered the room. Exceedingly handsome he looked: tall, fair, and manly, with a clear blue eye and sweet expression. As he bowed, there was an astonished look upon his face.

"My daughter Louise, Monsieur—Lieutenant—"

"Von Armsdorf. At your service, Mademoiselle." Then turning to the Captain, he said, "Sir, I fear you have deprived Mademoiselle of her room. I must insist that you permit me to bivouac here on this couch, and to-morrow I will make other arrangements, leaving my name on your door as a protection."

Louise looked up shyly. Surely she had never seen so handsome a man: he could even compare with her brother Henri.

"My servant desires to know if he can be of service in the kitchen. Perhaps your maid will make him understand, although he speaks only a few words of French."

The matter being explained to Suzanne, she suddenly lost her fears, and presently there was much laughter heard from the kitchen.

Rudolph fell asleep, dreaming of Louise, and Louise could not sleep for thinking of him.

And so the days went by: these two young people being continually in one another's society, until at last liking fell into loving. What could they do, those two poor things, helpless in the hands of the God of Love? And so it fell out that they plighted their troth with the consent of the Captain, who was as much delighted as anyone, and it was decided that when the war was over they were to be married. Certainly, no officer in the 1st Army was so happy as Rudolph von Armsdorf, and certainly no girl in the Department of the Somme so joyous as Louise de Monceaux. Perhaps it was the terrors of war and the uncertainty of daily events which drew those two young hearts closer together—her wild fears for his safety when he went on duty to the front, his anxiety for her welfare until his return.

The New Year had scarcely commenced when intelligence was received that Faidherbe, with every available man, had occupied Bapaume, about twelve miles from Amiens, and that his advance posts were at Querrieux, some two miles nearer. That morning early Rudolph had been decorated with the Iron Cross, the proudest distinction that a German soldier can earn, and it was in high spirits and with beating heart that he galloped back to Louise to exhibit that much-sought-for decoration. While the little party were seated in the parlour speculating as to how long France would continue to wage a seemingly useless war, they were disturbed by an orderly galloping up to the little garden gate.

"Orders, I suppose," said Rudolph, rising and going out. He did not return for some minutes, then the orderly galloped away. When he entered the little room his face had a strange look, which the eyes of love at once perceived. The story was soon told. Faidherbe was advancing on Amiens, there was to be a reconnaissance that afternoon, and the King's Hussars were to lead it. Louise was inconsolable, and was at last carried upstairs by her lover in a swoon. There was no time to delay, already the bugle had sounded, and, tearing himself away, Rudolph jumped on his charger and joined his regiment.

Two hours afterwards, the sound of heavy and continued firing, with the occasional boom of a gun, was distinctly borne to the ears of Louise and her father. Terrible were the moments as they went slowly by. Would her father go and get some news? Yes, the old Captain would, and, leaving her in Suzanne's charge, he went on his errand. It was now dark; except an occasional shot, nothing was to be heard. Louise sat in a sort of stupor; how long she sat thus

she never knew. She was aroused by the sound of stealthy footsteps, the latch was gently lifted, and a dark figure stole in.

"Father, is that you?" she cried, starting up.

"Hush! Louise, for God's sake. It is I—Henri. Pull to the shutters."

"Henri! my brother!" and the next moment they were in one another's arms. "How came you here, dear? What has happened?"

Then he told her how there had been a sharp skirmish, that he had been taken prisoner, but that upon entering Amiens he had escaped in the darkness and come to his home for shelter.

"Faidherbe," he continued, "advances on Amiens to-morrow, and soon the city will be ours, and those dogs of Germans in full retreat."

"But, Henri, we have an officer quartered here; he may be back at any moment. You must fly!"

"Well, I don't want to be shot as a spy; so give me something to eat, and I'll be off. I shall easily get back; it's as dark as pitch. Get a light and go outside, and keep watch. Don't call anyone."

A good meal was soon before him, and as rapidly despatched. Then taking a stout stick, he called Louise. She came in, and carefully closed the door.

"Good-bye, my little sister," he said, embracing her, while she put



*There was a wild scream, and Louise, shot through the heart, fell forward on her lover's body.*

Lieutenant in the 7th King's Hussars. Can my servant place my baggage in the room I am to occupy?"

The distinguished courtesy of manner and soft voice of this Prussian hussar at once made a favourable impression on the Captain, who proceeded to show the way, followed by the soldier-servant, a good-natured-looking, stupid fellow.

"This is the best I can do, Sir," said the Captain, showing him into Louise's room. "I will now go and have some supper prepared."

"Pray, Monsieur, oblige me by doing nothing of the kind. The events of yesterday and the occupation of to-day must have much disturbed everyone here. I discovered a restaurant on my way, and have had a good meal."

As the Captain descended the narrow stairs, he was much exercised. Surely the stories he had heard of the brutality of these Prussians must be exaggerated. In his day, when a town was taken, possession gave an almost unbridled license—there was no question of civility, simply might made right.

He found Louise and Suzanne, very pale and trembling, in the sitting-room, and told them his impression as to their unwelcome visitors, which went far to tranquillise their fears. While conversing the heavy tread of descending footsteps was heard, and Rudolph von Armsdorf, in the red

her arms round his neck and kissed him. At this moment the door was thrown open, and Rudolph stood at the door, rooted to the spot.

For a few seconds there was a dead silence—Louise pale as death, her brother haughty and erect, Rudolph like a statue. Then the door closed, and the latter strode into the room. Never before had Louise heard that soft voice utter such metallic tones; the words seemed to drop from his lips like ice.

"I regret," he said, "having disturbed this tender interview. You, Sir, are within our lines, doubtless to obtain information. Were I to do my duty, I should at once arrest you; but after what I have seen my conscience would revolt against such a proceeding. I give you five minutes to make good your escape; if at the end of that time you are found here, your blood be upon your own head"—and, without a look at Louise, he turned and left the house. As the door closed Louise gave a piercing cry, and sank at her brother's feet. There was no time to lose, so, laying her gently upon the couch, he quickly left the cottage, and was soon lost in the darkness.

On the next day was fought the battle of Querrieux, one of the most stubborn of the northern conflicts. Rudolph, who had been attached to the general's staff as extra aide-de-camp, was everywhere, exposing himself under the hottest fire, his brain burning like a volcano, and his heart feeling like ice. It was three o'clock; neither side had gained any advantage. The Germans doggedly held the village of Querrieux, while the French held the opposite side of the ravine, only a small stream dividing them. Then the advanced line of the French was strengthened, and they once more attempted to drive the Germans out of the village; the 57th, who held it, had become short of ammunition, and were sullenly retiring, firing their last cartridges. It was at this moment Rudolph dashed in among them.

"What is this?" he cried. "There is the enemy in front, not behind you!"

"We have no more ammunition," said an old sergeant.

"Ammunition!" he cried, springing from his horse; "you have your bayonets," and, drawing his sword, he cried, "Follow me!"

The French had now gained the bottom of the street, and were advancing at the double. Just then a light form was seen to speed out from one of the little side streets, followed by an old man who could not keep up with her. It was Louise. Swiftly she made her way to Rudolph's side.

"Rudolph! my love, Rudolph! I am here." For one moment he paused, then the French sent in a heavy volley, and Rudolph, staggering back, fell to the ground. In a moment she was on her knees by his side, his head pillowed on her lap, covering his face with kisses, while shot and shell whistled and screamed around them.

"Rudolph! Rudolph! speak to me," she moaned, while the blood from his chest spurted with each laboured breath over her. "My God! he is dying—will no one help me?" Then the glassy eyes opened, and a strange light came into them as they met those of Louise.

"Louise," he faintly murmured.

Then she bent down and kissed his lips, whispering, "It was my brother you saw, Rudolph." A bright smile passed across the face of the dying soldier, and with the name of his beloved on his lips he expired in her arms. Then came a cruel volley, the bullets hurtling up the narrow street. There was a wild scream, and Louise, shot through the heart, fell forward on her lover's body. Their marriage was in Heaven!

It is a beautiful summer's eve. The glow of a rosy sunset streaks the western heaven, lighting up the tombstones in the churchyard of Amiens. The war is over. France, torn and trampled on, is reviving; but the dirge of the dead is still heard in the land. An old man, tottering and stooping, leaning on the arm of a bronzed officer wearing the uniform of the Line, is picking his way among the crowded tombstones. Presently they arrive at a simple marble cross. On it is engraved—



## MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

With what a delightful relish of their humour does Miss Annie Hughes portray the perky and precocious airs and graces of that artfully artless little minx Maud Fretwell in Mr. Sydney Grundy's charming play "Sowing the Wind"! And with what an engaging daintiness does she



Photo by A. Ellis, Upper Baker Street, N.W.

MISS ANNIE HUGHES AS MAUD FRETWELL IN "SOWING THE WIND."

wear the quaint gowns and bonnets of that 1830 period, with which modern feminine fashion has been so lately dallying! Yet call and see the clever young actress in her pleasant little flat near Hanover Square, and you shall find no echo of affectation, but just the sweet and artless expression of a girlish womanhood. Miss Annie Hughes, or Mrs. Devereux, as she is called in private life, is before everything natural, and that, being so rare a charm in these days, may be regarded, perhaps, as the primary secret of her success on the stage; for with her own impulsive freshness of nature is allied the power of investing even an artificial character with a seeming naturalness, as witness, for instance, her success with Maud Fretwell. Calling the other afternoon to offer my birthday felicitations, I found Miss Hughes gloating with an almost childish glee over a cheque and a document she held in her hands.

"Look there!" she cried; "isn't that lovely? The first money I have ever won on a horse race. I'm so proud of it. And if I hadn't backed those other horses it would have been more." And she showed me a bookmaker's account and the "little cheque," which she could hardly have valued more had it been drawn by Rothschild for a million. It was the fun of the thing she enjoyed, the new experience of winning money on a horse, and had it been five shillings instead of a few pounds the pleasure would have been the same.

"What an odd girl you are!" I said; "and to-day you are—a year older than your last birthday."

"Well, that's not very old, is it? Only people think I am much older, because I have been between eight and nine years on the stage. They forget that I made my first appearance when I was not quite fifteen."

"Ah, how well I remember!—a Gaiety *matinée*, wasn't it? You played under the name of Annie Maclean," I said.





MISS ANNIE HUGHES.

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. RUSSELL AND SONS, BAKER STREET, W.

"Yes, because I was poor old John Maclean's pupil, so people at first thought I was his daughter. How nervous I was! It was the first day I ever wore long skirts," said Miss Hughes.

"And you tripped over them and tumbled down, and—you wore black stockings, and everybody laughed."

"Oh, wasn't it awful?" she said, laughing over the reminiscence. "The next time I played was in Brandon Thomas's 'Highland Legacy,' one afternoon for a benefit, and I was still a nervous little girl. But I was sixteen before my first success came."

"That was in 'Held by the Enemy,' at the Princess's?" I suggested, anxious to show the interest I had taken in the young artiste's career.

"Yes; Susan McCreary—a part I revelled in. But, you know, I have not been lucky in getting many good parts in my time. In fact, I think I have only had three original characters which might be called big parts—Susan McCreary, Little Lord Fauntleroy, and Nancy in Robert Buchanan's adaptation of Rhoda Broughton's novel, which, you remember, was played first at the Lyric and then at the Royalty."

"And which has been your favourite part, Miss Hughes?"

"Oh, Little Lord Fauntleroy. I simply loved that, and was very miserable when that horrid injunction stopped the performance of Seeborn's version at the Prince of Wales's. It may have been just and legal, and all that; but then, you see, I wasn't in the other version, and I was only seventeen at the time," she said, with engaging ingenuousness.

"Weren't you fond of Nancy?" I asked, remembering how sweetly she interpreted Miss Broughton's creation.

"Oh, yes, it was a sweet part; so also was Bébé in Wills's version of Ouida's 'Two Little Wooden Shoes,' which I played one afternoon at the Criterion. By-the-way, some of the best original parts I have ever played have been in pieces given only at trial *matinées*. I remember enjoying one particularly in a play called 'Willard's Weird,' when I had to continually describe myself as Mrs. General Porter, K.C.B."

"But surely some of your best regular work has been done at the Criterion?" I said, recalling, for instance, a delightful piece of rustic comedy in "Wild Oats."

"Ah, yes, in 'Wild Oats,' 'Two Roses,' and other plays; but it is difficult to remember on a sudden all the parts one has played. And, by-the-way, why are you catechising me like this? Do you know, I have a horrible suspicion you are interviewing me?"

"Right first time," I said, without being in the least taken aback by Miss Hughes's penetration.

"You horrid person—and not to tell me, too! I sha'n't talk to you any more. Have a sweet," and she offered me a plate of dainties. "I knew you'd take that one, because I wanted it," said Miss Hughes, mischievously, taking another sweet. "Well, what else do you want to know? What I think of dramatic critics?"

"Yes; do tell me that," I said eagerly.

"To put into print? Well, then, say—that I love them"—and she said this with a roguish smile.

"And managers?" I suggested.

"Delightful persons—when they give me good engagements," was the prompt reply. "You must print that, too," she added.

"But, Miss Hughes, tell me something more about yourself."

"Oh, you know everything, except, perhaps, that I was playing Mary Melrose in 'Our Boys' the last time that poor David James played Perkyn Middlewick—in fact, the last time he ever appeared on the stage."

"When you married, and made such rare appearances, we were all afraid you were going to give up the stage altogether; but everybody is glad you are playing more regularly now," I said.

"I am glad to hear that, for now I hope to continue playing regularly as long as I am fortunate enough to get engagements. And at present I am very happy in my work, for I like the play and my fellow-actors, and nobody could be kinder or nicer than Mr. Comyns Carr."

"You don't think of going to America, Miss Hughes?"

"No, though I have had good offers from American managers. One is so soon forgotten, and one's place is so easily filled," she said with a modesty which I promptly deprecated.

"By-the-way," I said, "have you been dabbling in literature lately? I remember some pretty stories of yours in *Belgravia*, the *Theatre*, and other publications, and a poem about a cat."

"'Pussy's Better Nature,' you mean, a little piece that Mrs. Kendal recites. But that has never been published."

"Would you let it be published in *The Sketch*?" I asked.

"Oh, it's not good enough, but you can have it if you like," said Miss Hughes. "Here's a copy of it."

#### PUSSY'S BETTER NATURE.

One Garrick said, as in this tale you'll find,  
"A fellow-feeling makes one wondrous kind,"  
Human, indeed, it happens oft in life,  
When others share with us our woes and strife.  
The tale I'd like to tell is of a cat,  
An incident, perhaps, you'll wonder at;  
Maybe, you'll not believe it on my word,  
How once a cat refused to eat a bird,  
So you shall hear it straight from her own lips;  
Though should she fail, or seem to make false slips,  
I'll be at hand to help her with her task,  
And that you'll sympathise is all we ask.

Oh, it was a cruel thing to do, for 'twas my only one,  
They had drowned four daughters in the well, but left my little son;  
Then they went and stole him from me, though I'd left him scarce a minute,  
Sleeping sweetly in his bed, just while I went to see a linnet  
Hanging in that window there; for she was making such a noise,  
Worse than my young masters do—and they are very dreadful boys.

But I didn't intend to eat her, only simply wished to say,  
As I'd had no sleep all night, I much should like to sleep all day,  
If she only would keep quiet, and not go on chirping so.  
I suppose she wouldn't hear me, for she paid no heed, I know;  
So I climbed upon the table, and I gave the cage a tap,  
Meaning just to say, "Quite quiet you must be, Ma'am, when I rap."  
But not she. The bird seemed deaf, and still she chirruped all the more.  
Then my anger rose; I sprang at her, when open flew the door,  
And my better nature vanished; I could see her in my power;  
And that bird was doomed to die now, and no longer in her bower  
Should she chirrup all my sleep away, as if she had a right—  
I determined now to eat her, if I sat there all the night.  
To and fro the cage kept swinging, but quite still the biped sat,  
While I longed to reach her with my paw—I felt a very cat.  
Coaxing would not serve my purpose, so the only thing to do  
Was to spring again upon her, and then try to drag her through  
Where the open door gave egress; yet I could not understand  
Why she still remained so passive when her freedom was at hand.  
I had fancied she would leave her cage the moment that she could,  
Flying off in search of freer life—I quite believed she would.  
Little did I know the reason then, nor did I learn until  
I had reached the cage, and, peering in, she pecked me with her bill:  
For another bird was with her, just a tiny, half-fledged one—  
There before me was a mother trying to save her only son.  
How, then, could I eat her now? Ah! was I not a mother too?  
So I sat and watched them where I was, and pondered what to do.  
Must I spare the dainty morsels? Yes; remember yours—alone.  
At that moment, sure, I heard a cry—a low and plaintive moan!  
Could it be my child who wanted me, and cried out in despair?  
Quickly back I went in search of him—my treasure wasn't there!  
But my love was blind; he couldn't have moved, unless he had been carried.  
Oh! why had I left him all alone? Why, also, had I tarried?  
Watching for that horrid bird, and after all that I had done,  
Sparing both the linnet and her child, and now to lose my son!  
How I tore about in search of him, to every room I hid,  
Through the dining-room and drawing-room—the kitchen then I tried.  
Ah, what joy! my grief was over, all my misery at an end—  
Cookie's arms I found around my son; she'd shown him to a friend!

"But I've done something much worse than poetry. I've written a play. It's a three-act comedy, called 'Dr. Dale,' and Mr. French has actually offered to buy the American rights if the play is produced in London. But the managers do not besiege my doors for it."

"Perhaps they don't know of it," I suggested.

"That's more than likely," said she, laughing.

"Do you like writing?" I asked.

"It's amusing for a change, but if you want to know my favourite occupations—sewing and cooking."

"Both excellent; but now I must be running away. Tell me just one thing more: which do you hold of more account, the applause of the public or the praise of the critics?"

"Both," was the ready response.

M. C. S.

#### A CYCLING TROPHY.

The Burroughes and Watts Cyclists' Challenge Shield, which has been presented for competition annually among teams from any recognised cycling club in the metropolitan area by the great billiard firm, has been won for the first time by the Catford Cycling Club. The centre panel, encircled by laurel wreaths, is exquisitely chased in silver, and



represents a player in the act of striking. Surmounting the whole is an accurate model, also in silver, of a modern racing safety bicycle, with rider in costume. The whole is encircled by a border of silver shields, upon which the names of the winning teams will be engraved. The work has been carried out by Messrs. Mappin and Webb, 158, Oxford Street, W., and 2, Queen Victoria Street, E.C.



## THE ART OF THE DAY.

An artistic and royal treasure, formerly belonging to King Ferdinand of Portugal, was put up for sale recently at an auction at Cologne. It consisted of the etchings and engravings over which he spent so much pains. As the *Architect*, in commenting upon so unusual an event, explains, he was, like most members of the Coburg family, an amateur, and could

A portion of the Louvre has now been set apart for purposes of Japanese art, although, for some time to come, it is understood that the new section will be composed of voluntary contributions. These, however, have so far been sufficiently abundant, and the common examples of Japanese art have been contributed for the decoration of the Salle. The specimens of Japanese workmanship which have hitherto been assigned to the section out of the public purse consist of two wooden statues. But the action of the public purse is always so slow.

The window erected in the vestibule of the Westminster Chapter House in memory of James Russell Lowell, and unveiled last week, is, probably, just the kind of monument which that extremely serious and conscientious—if, also, exceedingly accomplished and acute—author would have desired for himself. It has among its lights, and really well executed, the figures of Lowell's own Sir Launfal and St. Botolph, a remote patron saint of the author. The figure of St. Ambrose is not so easily accounted for—we have never heard that Lowell was a particular admirer of the "Te Deum"—but the representation of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers would have been a subject in delightful accordance with Lowell's thoughts and inspirations. But the whole window is of personal rather than of artistic interest.

With the close of the Photographic Exhibition is hushed for the moment the busy and unanswered problem as to how far a photographer is permitted to assume to himself the name of artist. It is clear that that honourable title ought not to be bestowed upon any man who has not had a personal influence over the productions by which he justifies the name, and we certainly find a minimum of personal influence in the work assigned to the photographer. He may select and eliminate, but in the final state of his photographs, once that selection has been made, he has no part or share save the part of a machine. Readers may, therefore, draw their own conclusions.

The paper contributed by Sir John Evans to the current number of *Longman's Magazine* should fill every collector of artistic antiquities with doubtful foreboding. For the ingenuity of the forger appears



"ME LOVES 'OO."—MAUDE GOODMAN.  
Exhibited at the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.

claim to be an authority upon the states of various prints. Being a royal personage, and in the possession of considerable influence, he found many invaluable helpers anxious to show sympathy with his pursuit.

The result was that he was able to acquire many extremely fine impressions of plates, which numbered, in the event, no less than 3000 separate copies. It was to French art particularly that King Ferdinand wisely chose to devote himself, being even more than temperately fervent in his views upon the works of the aquafortists, and artists were naturally quite willing to secure for so eminent a patron the best choice of their work. The collection, therefore, has a unique interest of its own.

Steadily and surely the art of Japan defies the accusation of its transitoriness. When, some years ago, its delightful genius began to be revealed to Western Europe, and—an unusual occurrence—the judgment of the judicious was instantly countersigned by the whim of the mob, there were many who proclaimed the new sensation to be a passing craze, the idle fancy of the moment, like the popularity of a new music-hall song. But Japan has, as we have said, slowly and unerringly triumphed over derision and satire. Its latest conquest is France.



"LITTLE BO-PERP," DOROTHY, YOUNGEST DAUGHTER OF THE  
REV. F. V. DODGSON.—N. PRESCOTT-DAVIES, R.B.A.  
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



STUDY OF A CHILD.—WILL A. CADBY.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Photographic Society of Great Britain.

thereby to be extraordinarily favourable for imposition upon his fellow-man. There is nothing to which the credulity of men cannot surrender, if only they are not sufficiently conversant with the facts upon which an imposition may be based. Sir John Evans gives many extraordinary

instances of men, uneducated, but manually skilful, who have, by the manufacture of mock antiques, seduced even scholars into a belief of their professions.

But there are some of these impositions which, save among the extremely ignorant, must only raise a smile. Such, for instance, is the following delightful inscription set upon a false coin, supposed to have been struck by the disconsolate husband of the fair and unhappy Lucrece—

COLLATINVS TARQVINIVS DVLCISSIME CONIVGI.

And a yet lower form of imposition was that invention which declared that an inscription had been found purporting to be a prohibition on the part of the Senate to prevent Caesar from crossing the Rubicon. The prohibition was supposed to have been found on the river's banks!

But the work of the forger may sometimes even be valuable, and there are many imitations of ancient art which are so admirably and carefully accomplished that they may even rank with works of art themselves. The art of miniature and of cameo-work has thus, according to Sir John Evans, at times been difficult of detection even by the expert; and there is the case of the well-known Becker, whose forgeries of coins, even when known for such, were purchased by museums for a special department. As we began by saying, the whole subject is almost terrifying to anyone who sets store by the collection of artistic antiquities.

Messrs. Boussod, Valadon, and Co. have opened at their new galleries in Regent Street an exhibition of water-colour drawings by Mr. D. S. McColl. We have long been acquainted with Mr. McColl's criticisms, many of them admirable, upon the art which he has now ventured to exemplify personally. Mr. McColl's designs for book-bindings are also known to us. It will be interesting to note how such a critic has treated the art upon which he is used to exercise dogma.

A few days ago a curious little contrast was made possible at a sale by Messrs. Robinson and Fisher of pictures ancient and modern. Hitherto one has been inclined to regard the value of a Hoppner as something considerable. A Hoppner, a "Portrait of Mrs. Philip Hall," fetched £24; while two Rosa Bonheurs fetched, one, a "Landscape with Highland Cattle," £183; the other, "Deer Coming to Drink at Sunset," £400. The ways of sales are, in truth, wondrous.



ON THE TOP OF THE TIDE.—BERNARD LINTOTT.

Exhibited at the Photographic Salon, Dudley Gallery.





A LITTLE SPRAT.—G. HILLYARD SWINSTEAD, R.B.A.  
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Royal Society of British Artists.



THE LAST ROSE OF SUMMER.—G. G. KILBURNE, R.I.  
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Oil Colours.



THE RABBIT HUTCH.—CARLTON SMITH.  
Exhibited at the Gallery of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours.



THE EMIR.—L. DEUTSCH.  
Exhibited at Messrs. Tooth's Gallery, Haymarket, S.W.

THE HASTY WEDDING; OR, THE TALE OF A LOVELORN LAD.

*From Photographs by P. J. Stirling Boyd, Edinburgh.*



FLIRTATION.



"YES!"



"YES OR NO?"



LOVE AT FIRST SIGHT.



THE HASTY WEDDING; OR, THE TALE OF A LOVELORN LAD.

*From Photographs by P. J. Stirling Boyd, Edinburgh.*



THE QUARREL.



HAPPY HOURS.



THE MUSIC OF MARRIAGE.



"WILL YE NO COME BACK AGAIN?"

## JOURNALS AND JOURNALISTS OF TO-DAY.

## IV.—MR. SCOTT AND THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN."

A Boston preacher recently observed that the power of the President of the United States was nothing compared to the power wielded by the editor of a great daily newspaper. As editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, Mr. Charles Prestwich Scott preaches every day to five millions of industrial England. His sermons exert an inspiring force, and compel the admiration of those who dissent from their ethics. They are typical of the man, and the man is typical of the city. All editors are born journalists—in the estimation of their friends. Mr. Scott is a born journalist, because he could not help it. He was born with a silver spoon in his mouth and a gold pen between his fingers. He was swaddled in editorial purple and nourished on leading articles. To qualify himself he went to Oxford, and passed through a period of intellectual incubation. He studied cricket and classics with equal diligence, and left the University possessed of that sound mind in a sound body which is, above all things, essential to an editor.



Photo by F. Baum, London and Manchester.

MR. C. P. SCOTT, EDITOR OF THE "MANCHESTER GUARDIAN."

Now he is a man of whom the city is proud. If he has not fostered its prosperity, he has retarded its adversity. He takes an active interest in all that concerns the city's welfare. On two occasions he has endeavoured to represent a part of it in the House of Commons. He became a fervid suitor for the affections of North-East Manchester, but a gallant Crimean hero proved a more fascinating rival. He believes, however, that faint heart never won fair lady, and so continues to pay his addresses to the constituency; and there are people who say that when "C. P." becomes "M.P." there will be a big "T" in the New Islington Hall.

The *Guardian* buildings are the finest newspaper offices out of London. The editor's room is in a corner on the first floor, the windows of which look down on the old "Thatched House," which in days gone by has witnessed many scenes of journalistic junketing. Mr. Scott is surrounded at home by a splendid staff, while his London staff is unequalled for strength and efficiency. The London correspondence of the *Manchester Guardian* is contributed by members of Parliament, eminent scientists, professors of music, barristers, and playwrights, all of whom supply information at first hand.

Several years ago a weekly newspaper issued from the *Guardian* office, but it drooped before the more vigorous life of its rival. With the advent of the New Year Mr. Scott hopes to conjure a living phoenix from its ashes. He has in view the issue of a weekly illustrated newspaper, which shall challenge comparison with the existing weeklies as a journal for the home.

## M. PAUL VERLAINE.

The man who is recognised both by his friends and foes to have had a preponderant influence on contemporary French poets and their work is without a trace of the affectation of voice or manner attributed to his disciples and imitators. He answers the questions put to him with rare frankness, plainness of speech, and honesty of purpose; it is obvious that Paul Verlaine is in charity with all men, even with those who have thought to make their master greater by surrounding him with a grotesque Sardanapalesque legend of evil deeds and strange sins.

"I have never," he observed thoughtfully, "attached myself to any school. I think those who will take the trouble to read my verses will admit as much. I am told that I am a *décadent*," he continued, shrugging his shoulders. "This original appellation was used as an insult: therefore, what more natural than that I and my friends should have immediately adopted it as our war-cry? Those who fight require a flag—the word *décadent* has been to us the oriflamme."

"Then what has been your literary and poetic ancestry? Is it true that you regard Villon as your master?"

A brief smile came and went over the sensitive, keen face.

"I have not yet murdered anyone, or acted highwayman, although you have doubtless heard some such stories. Villon was a great poet; but how about Racine, Corneille, La Fontaine, Victor Hugo? Why make invidious distinctions? I was asked, the other day, to name my favourite English writer. The answer was, fortunately, both easy and uncompromising. The word 'Shakspeare' rises naturally to one's lips when one thinks of English literature. But if I had been asked the same question about modern writers of verse, what could I have said? Tennyson is to me great, and the Brownings—methinks that of late years Robert grew somewhat obscure, is it not so?"

"Of late years, Monsieur?"

"But Madame Barrett Browning," he continued, without heeding the interruption, "ah! she had a great soul and a great heart. I wish I knew more of English verse. I read all I can; I have seen some fine lines by Mr. George Meredith, but, of course, there is a whole school of which I can know but little, especially in America, where I am most familiar with the works of Longfellow."

"In France, I observe, you give Victor Hugo the first place among the writers of the century."

"He is the master of us all," he responded briefly. "His very prose was poetry, and he created a new language and set of rules for those who write verse."

"Is it true that you pay small heed to the rules of French versification?"

M. Verlaine hesitated. "It is possible to carry that theory too far," he replied evasively. "The modern lovers of *le vers libre* pay heed to neither rhyme nor rhythm. After all, you cannot write a fifty-line sonnet or a verse of fifty feet."

"Then your opinions on this and kindred subjects have modified?" I ventured to observe.

"With years come discretion. My first volume, 'Poèmes Saturniens,' was youthful and violent. Why, many of the pieces contained in it were written when I was little more than a child. I have now completed what I have set myself out to do—that is, published four volumes which explain my intellectual position from stage to stage of my existence. My verse will always be mainly autobiographical," he added, after a pause.

"And your prose works?"

"I am now preparing a small volume of stories; but I am not a great worker, and only write when the fancy takes me—and all I write I do not keep. A great deal of my verse"—smiling—"finds worthy oblivion in the fire. I am not one of those who think that a man is his own worst critic. I can always tell when any of my work is really poor. One simple test," he continued, "and which might be applied to others besides myself, is whether I can make sense of what I have written. Clearness should surely be the great and primary aim of all writers."

"Then you have but little sympathy with the Belgian school and with the symbolists?"

"Pardon me, I am much interested in all new movements. Maeterlinck's talent is distinctly original; his writing is powerful and fresh; but I deplore the needless obscenity with which many clever poets wrap up their meanings."

"You have, I think, lectured in Belgium and the Netherlands?"

"Yes; I much enjoyed my little tour—not that I particularly delight in lecturing, but because these countries, with their old-world associations and deep silences, have a strong attraction for me."

"And have you never thought of writing a play?"

"My 'Fête Galante' was played once at a benefit at the Vaudeville; but the dramatic conventions annoy and disturb me. I don't think I should ever care to attempt play-writing."

"And how did England impress you after your long absence from its shores?"

"Alas! as in Paris, all that is beautiful will soon disappear from London. If you happen to note an exquisite building, your companion will surely remark, 'Ah! that is soon going to be demolished.' Mark my words, in a few years the only picturesque thing left in your great city will be the fog." And thus, with just a slight note of pessimistic distrust of the future which is so characteristic of the man and his literary work, our conversation came to a conclusion—not before M. Verlaine had left an impression of individuality which will be ineffaceable.



THE LIGHT SIDE OF NATURE.



A WEARY WAIT.



PHIL MAY.  
SKETCHED BY FRED HALL.





Phil May  
93

FRED HALL.  
SKETCHED BY PHIL MAY.



ANCIENT FISHWIFE AND PRESENT ONES.

A SKETCH AT BOULOGNE-SUR-MER.





## MASHONALAND'S FIRST ADMINISTRATOR.

## A CHAT WITH MR. ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

Feeling assured (writes one of our representatives) that the readers of *The Sketch* would be interested in an expression of the views held by Mr. Archibald R. Colquhoun as to the future prospects of Mashonaland—



Photo by Hells and sons, R. gent St., W.

MR. ARCHIBALD R. COLQUHOUN.

of which he was the first Administrator—as a mining and agricultural settlement, and the value of the acquisition of Matabeleland from a commercial and colonial standpoint, I called on the well-known traveller a morning or two ago. I was pleased that he readily granted me an interview. His long service as an engineer with the Government of India, his experience as a traveller in the unexplored borderlands of South-Western China, and his exhaustive surveys in Siam and the Shan States in search of practical routes for an outlet for British trade lend special value to his opinion on the subject of the present crisis in South Africa.

In reply to inquiries, Mr. Colquhoun said that he had been employed by Mr. Rhodes in 1889 to draw up general and mining

regulations for Mashonaland, after which, in 1890, he accompanied the pioneer expedition, and, after executing the Manica treaty *en route*, assumed the duties of Administrator at the head-quarters of Mashonaland, now the town of Salisbury. He alluded to the many sterling qualities which enabled the pioneers to overcome the many initial difficulties inseparable from the first occupation of such territory.

"Are you satisfied with the progress of development made by the Chartered Company during the three years of their occupation?" was one of the first questions I put to him.

"Most certainly. We have learnt an immense deal regarding the two countries Mashonaland and Matabeleland during that period, and I consider the work done highly satisfactory. In the development of a new territory there is a disposition on the part of the public to expect the impossible. It should be borne in mind that in the first year we were severely handicapped by an exceptionally bad season. In the second year we had to contend with the difficulties attendant on bringing up supplies and mining tools through a very rough country, infested by the tsetse fly, and this year all progress has been paralysed by the incursion of the Matabeles."

"Besides, one is apt to overlook the size of the country."

"Precisely. Fort Salisbury is no less than 1700 miles from Cape Town, and of that distance 1000 miles have to be traversed by wagon. The route from Beira is far shorter, it is true, being only 380 miles, but there are at the present time only seventy-five miles of the railway working—namely, over the 'fly' country; besides, a part of this road is through the malarious Portuguese territory."

"And as to the country as a gold-field, Mr. Colquhoun?"

"Well, I am aware that in the earlier stages of exploration adverse opinions were expressed as to the auriferous wealth of the country; but at that time the amount of test work accomplished was small, and experts are always chary of committing themselves. Besides, I am not disposed to regard any experts as infallible, and, least of all, those giving opinions as to the probabilities of gold-finding. You may remember we had it on the highest authority that the Rand reef, on which Johannesburg stands, was comparatively valueless, yet it has developed into the third most important gold-mine in the world, and it promises to become actually the biggest known. The Rand has grown from an output of 34,897 ounces in 1887 to 1,195,393 for ten months of this year!"

"And what is your opinion of Mr. Rhodes's probable policy as regards the treatment of the Matabeles, provided all goes well?"

"There can be no question in my mind. I am persuaded that Mr. Rhodes's plans are directed by a desire to benefit the settlers in South Africa. Much gratitude is due to him for his foresight in securing a valuable country, which but for his brains and energy would have been lost to us. His action with regard to Damaraland and his policy relative to the Portuguese and Boer questions also show his farsightedness. As to the Matabeles, the most unlikely and impolitic course would be to drive them north of the Zambesi, which, it is evident, would be merely to move the point of disturbance, and create a continual menace to Nyassaland. We don't want to get rid of the Matabeles, but to tame them. They are absolutely necessary to us if we propose to develop the mining resources of the country. The far fiercer tribe of the original Zulus has been to a great extent

induced to settle down peaceably, and it will be Mr. Rhodes's policy to endeavour to induce the Matabeles to follow suit."

"And do you think it unjust to impute to the Chartered Company a desire to acquire Matabeleland, in order to improve its financial position?"

"Certainly. The situation was forced upon the Company by the raids of the Matabeles, which paralysed progress, as I have already said. Indeed, I look on the acquisition of Matabeleland as involving heavy additional expenditure. Gold in paying quantities has been ascertained to exist in Mashonaland, while nothing is actually known of the mineral resources of Matabeleland. Apart from expenditure, other difficulties will have to be encountered, which must be highly inconvenient and impolitic at a time when Mashonaland is showing so many indications of successful development."

"And do you hold the opinion that both Matabeleland and Mashonaland are what is known as a 'white man's country'?"

"Most distinctly. They comprise the last high land south of the Zambesi, and it is, therefore, of inestimable value to white settlers, who, colonising there, may enjoy the prospect of their posterity possessing the land. Its value is also enhanced by reason of the fact that north of the Zambesi there is no other territory available."

"As an engineer, and one who has studied various outlets for British commerce, you favourably regard the extension of railway communication?"

"Certainly. I specially advocate the expansion of the southern overland route from the Cape, because it would open up the country to Mashonaland—high, upland, healthy plateaux, free of fever and 'fly,' well watered, and very suitable for North European fruits, vegetables, and cereals. However, the telegraph is of equal importance, and without doubt it will be pushed on with energy from Salisbury to Nyassaland, through the Lake Country, and eventually to Cairo."

"But does not that sound somewhat visionary?"

"Not at all. It is perfectly practicable, and is one of the most important schemes contemplated by Mr. Rhodes. We are committed to the development of Nyassaland, and the first thing we must establish is telegraphic communication, for we cannot expect roads there for some years to come. Please bear in mind that the telegraph in a new territory is a factor the importance of which people do not at all realise. It is not only necessary for administrative work, but it facilitates business. Look at Persia, for example, although there is no road communication among the people, yet, through the telegraph, business has developed in that country in a most extraordinary manner. And China may also be quoted, where there are 3000 miles of telegraph, with scarcely any roads to speak of."

"You have shown the necessity, but how about the feasibility?"

"It is feasible, for the reason that very shortly we shall have a settled administration from Cape Town to the north of Nyassaland."

"Then you consider that the value of South Africa generally, as a field for British enterprise, is of the first importance?"

"Without a doubt. What has surprised me considerably is the lack of interest shown in that country and the ignorance so generally prevailing."

"Hence your forthcoming work, 'The War in Matabeleland and Our Position in South Africa,' I presume?"

"Well, I must say I think there is room for information on the very great and varied resources of our South African possessions, which the public as yet does not seem to possess."

## THE DETHRONED GAIETY SULTAN.

The dethroning of the Sultan of Turkey is not likely to create a crisis in Eastern politics, since it occurred at the Gaiety Theatre. The burlesque "Don Juan" had run merrily for four nights, when a certain Oriental personage, it is said of high degree, chanced to visit the theatre. He was shocked to find that the "Sultan" of the extravaganza, played by the veteran Mr. Royce, was not only a careless, foolish person, grotesquely silly, but vicious in his life, with no ambition and capable of no business, desiring only to surround himself with a harem of pretty women. Turks who know the present monarch say that this picture is so far from the truth as to be unworthy the name of caricature, which is expected to retain some semblance of the original, and that, whatever laxity there may have been in the conduct and administration of previous Sovereigns, Abdul Hamid II. is open to no such reproaches. He did not express his horror by any demonstration in the theatre. The visitor waited until morning, when he put his case before a Cabinet Minister, who, in turn, put the Lord Chancellor in motion, and he, again, looked up Mr. George Edwardes. The Gaiety manager was informed that unless the part was so altered as to remove all reference to the "Sultan" the license would be at once withdrawn. This did not daunt him. A Gaiety burlesque is about as pliable as a string of elastic. It can be fashioned into many shapes, and Mr. Edwardes converted the Sultan into "Jabez Pasha." Thus another dash of bitterness is thrown into the cup of the jaunty Jabez, for he is now represented as flourishing in a Turkish harem as the result of his speculations. Few men of the time have been so lavishly dealt with as Jabez. He is not only the head and front of Mr. Stead's novel, "Two and Two make Four," but he is elevated into the flimsy regions of Gaiety burlesque. Mr. Royce was very quaint as this fanciful pasha. The part is now being played by Mr. Vaughan.





THE DETHRONED SULTAN: MR. E. W. ROYCE AS JABEZ PASHA IN "DON JUAN."

FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY MESSRS. HILLS AND SAUNDERS, SLOANE STREET, S.W.

## HORS D'ŒUVRES.

What a sudden crash there has been lately in the Cabinets of the Continent! In France a Prime Minister puts forth a programme of policy with a flourish, and suddenly collapses, without even the formality of a division and an adverse vote. In the Austro-Hungarian monarchy Governments come and go distractedly, each vainly trying to build up a compact majority out of the mutually repulsive atoms of a dozen nationalities. In Germany the Chancellor, no longer iron, fidgets on his insecure scat. Italy has lost her leading politicians down the silver grating of a financial scandal, and will only recover them sadly begrimed. Greece has had a Parliamentary overturn, and Spain expects one. And even in our own happy country business is dragging, factions are breaking loose from party control, Radicals are grumbling at a Chancellor whom they find by no means "highly susceptible" and at a Government that actually defends the Chartered Company. Are we, too, going to have a change?

But the fact is that the Continent is finding out, what we are in the way to find out, that Parliamentary Government is only practicable in particular cases. Since we adopted the belief that a Parliament must be, not a place of talk, but a place of legislation, we have been gradually reaping the fruits of this doctrine. The primary purpose of a Parliament is to settle what persons are to be in power, and to keep them in touch with the prevailing sentiment of the nation: I think it was the late Walter Bagehot who longed for a Minister, when asked what Parliament had done, to have the courage to reply, "It has kept us in power, and that is its most important function." Now, Continental Parliaments have not grasped that notion. When they secure any permanence in the Administration it is by means of the action of the Sovereign. The Parliament itself is generally broken up into a number of big and little knots, with strange names and stranger objects. Whig and Tory most people understand in history; one cannot always tell them apart now. But what is the difference between a National Liberal and other Liberals, and wherein does a Pole differ from a Guelph? And what is the use of the French Deputies being all Republicans if they are broken up into clumps, each with its leader and its journal for a banner?

No, we British have a great deal to answer for. We decapitated Charles I. and expelled James II., all on account of our Parliament; we wore out Napoleon and finished him (with the help of the Prussians and his own generals) at Waterloo; and then, by turning Liberal ourselves, we encouraged all the world to go after Parliamentary institutions. Those States that did not copy us copied the Congress of the United States, which was itself conceived to be an improved version of our Parliament; and the whole world became constitutional, Russia barely escaping, and even India feeling the contagion. O House of Commons, how many Assemblies have been perpetrated in thy name!

Now, all these Parliaments have jumped into the legislative stage without having passed through centuries of talk and representation of grievances, and advice on policy, and all the training to responsibility that the English Parliament had. Instead of being at first a subordinate adviser of the King, then triumphing over him, and, lastly, coming to terms with him, as our House of Commons did, they began where we left off. So, instead of our old Court and country parties, which in their later forms have hitherto given us stability by alternation, and are only now breaking up into unmanageable fractions, a Continental Assembly might start with as many parties as there were members.

The Bishop of London must be a busy man. Recently he got into the company of the enthusiasts of temperance, and though, perhaps, not deserving to be stigmatised as a philanthropist himself, he behaved as such, and was credited with charging publicans or brewers, or both, with wholesale adulteration of beer, whereupon a representative of the brewing interest temperately asked for proof of so sweeping a charge, and was promised a reply when the Bishop had five minutes to spare. That was over a month ago, and he has not yet found those five spare minutes. Such an instance of episcopal activity ought to put to silence those carping Radicals and Nonconformists who talk of idle and overpaid prelates.

But, seriously, are we not in danger of forgetting what temperance means? The apostolic precept is to be temperate in all things—a somewhat different matter from totally abstaining from one thing, and one harder of attainment. To what purpose does a man forswear strong liquor if he proceeds forthwith to obfuscate his own intellect and that of others by yet stronger language?

MARMITON.

## BADMINTON ECHOES.

BY "BUGLE."

*Tame-ness  
of Protected  
Creatures.*

With regard to this subject, the following, I believe, will interest many of our friends in the country, as showing what can be done under a simple system of protection. I chanced to be this summer in the White Sea. While there I visited an island inhabited by monks. Here, for very many years, not a gun has been fired nor any wild creature killed. The wild animal life of the island includes only reindeer, hares, foxes, stoats, and birds. These all have, almost literally, no fear of man. The lesser black-backed gull and the herring gull nest there in considerable numbers. It was a common sight to see these birds hanging round the bakehouse door, and walking sedately about in every court and cloister. When I whistled from the guest-house balcony they would come flying in from the sea and take food out of my hand. One of them, a full-grown herring gull, I picked up and brought with me to England, where, in a walled garden, he is thriving well. Again: Driving one day in a droski, a fox crossed the road in front of the horses. I pulled up, got out, and walked up to it. The fox only looked round and "grinned," and I had to clap my hands close at his brush before he would hurry on. Again: A wild reindeer, caught by his horns in a tree, was tied with ropes and brought in. Round him stood a crowd of monks and pilgrims, but, though he shook his head in a warning manner when any came too close, he occupied himself, for the most part, in browsing unconcernedly upon the grass. May we look for something like this when we get our "protected areas"?

*Hunting  
Amenities.*

Lord Lonsdale has written an excellent letter in the *Field*, addressed to all who hunt with the Quorn. It is worth quoting. "I should be glad," he says, "if gentlemen hunting with these hounds would give their second horsemen general orders to ride with the hunt's second horsemen, and particular instructions against pulling down or jumping any fence; also, that on all occasions the last man through is to shut and hasp all gates, and adhere to rights of way and high roads only on their way to covert or returning home." Just so. It is in the interest of the hunt, as his Lordship points out—of hunting, as we may add—that so elementary a consideration should be attended to. The man in the run cannot, it is true, see his servant larking about, but, once strictly forbidden, that servant will be little likely to run the risk of being "spotted" by someone else. These are not days when the followers of a sport which only exists by the goodwill of the tenant-farmers can venture to treat in a cavalier manner its best friends. And I should like to add to this one other consideration. It does seem to me that some hunts are far too lax in the question of compensation for damage from foxes. I mention no names; but I know at this moment of a country, not a hundred miles from London, where this year foxes swarm, and where sad damage has been done to poultry—and no redress. *Verb. sap.*

This question is as old as the hills, and yet seems as far as ever from being settled. Whenever I am asked *Does Hawking Spoil Shooting?* I unhesitatingly say, "No, it does not make the game wild; it does not drive birds off the ground." Let me give my reasons. Year after year grouse and partridge hawking is being carried on on certain moors which I know, and yet on these very moors the supply of grouse has steadily increased during the last five years. More than this. You shall go out any day on the same ground and be always certain of a flight at grouse. You may see a pair of sparrow-hawks beating the same stubbles day after day for a week, and yet the partridges do not leave nor get appreciably more wild. If the man who has used an artificial kite for the purpose of getting birds to lie has a different tale to tell, what else could one expect? The whole thing is unnatural. He puts into the air an enormous, uncanny-looking object, and this he keeps hanging over the wretched partridges more or less all day. To this he adds a further terror in the shape of a gun. At any rate, however this may be, I can only affirm that repeated experience goes entirely to show that hawking game does not spoil the shooting.

One of those "anxious inquirers" of which the world seems to be so full writes imploringly to a sporting contemporary, begging to be told how he is to make his rabbits lie out. He is "caten up" with rabbits, he says, and ferreting fails him altogether. On many sporting properties ferreting has come of late years to be more and more dropped. What, then, is the alternative? This—paraffin and paper. How? Thus: Five days or so before you propose to shoot your coverts, send the men round with spades to stop all rabbit-holes. A couple of handy men can do this almost as fast as they can walk. Those holes which contain rabbits will be found the next day open. At the entrance to each of these holes drop, through a quill in the cork of a bottle, a few drops of paraffin. No rabbit will enter these paraffined holes, at least, for forty-eight hours, and probably not then, unless driven by bad weather—for example, by snow; but, further to prevent entry, if there is still a day or so before the shoot, stick up in the entrance of the burrows a small split peg containing a little bit of white paper; then the trick is done. Rabbits will avoid this as they would a trap. Rather than pass that paper they will choose to lie out, often in the open meadows under the very scantiest tufts of grass. Then there is no prettier shooting than by walking these fields in line.



## DORA SIGERSON'S POEMS.\*

Miss Dora Sigerson's volume is one of the two or three promising first books issued this season. It has the crudities and imperfections of its youth, and leaves, therefore, the more room for promise. Hers is not an exquisite little gift, early perfected; if she at all fulfils our hopes, hers will be a large gift, for her poetry has both thought and passion. It is



Photo by Robinscn, Grafton Street, Dublin.

MISS DORA SIGERSON.

as unconventional in its reason as its execution. This young writer has puzzled over things that trouble at most but transiently the young heart. The oppression of the weak, the sacrifice to, not our needs, but our luxuries, of our brothers and sisters, the beasts and birds, the common law of sickness and sorrow and death, the kingdom of evil upon earth—these are the things which in her earnest poems give her pause for sadness and for questioning. In the purely romantic poems her thought is unconventional enough to be distinguished. For instance, in the "Leper's Betrothed" she gives us not the exaltation of love which in a very similar poem of Tennyson's makes the wife cry—

"You need not wave me from you: I would leap into your grave."

The girl in Miss Sigerson's poem turns away with mere physical horror from the noble lover whose flesh is marred by disease. She is own sister to the girl in "All Souls' Night" who, when the lover she has prayed to return to her from the dead comes in answer to her prayer, is afraid of him—

The chair I set from the cold and wet he took when he came from unknown skies  
Of the land of the dead; on my bent brown head I felt the reproach of his  
saddened eyes;

I closed my lids on my heart's desire, crouched by the fire, my voice was dumb.  
At my clean-swept hearth he had no mirth, and at my table he broke no crumb.  
Deelish! Deelish! my woe for ever that I could not sever coward flesh from fear.  
I called his name, and the pale ghost came; but I was afraid to meet my dear.

One sees in both these conceptions the distinction of the young poet's mind. Both are strong and beautiful poems, and the pathos of them follows one from the book. Miss Sigerson is, happily, endowed with the Celtic imaginativeness, the Celtic charm of style, and feeling for the spiritual and the mystical. She is at home in the borderland between life and death, whereof the merest Irish peasant has mystic imaginings. Her poems in this particular *genre* are always the best. I should like to have the selection of her poems, a number of which would make, indeed, a memorable first book; but if I had my will what a slaughter of the innocents there would be! Miss Sigerson's is a pleasant example of an hereditary gift, and in her case the impulse comes from both parents.

K. T.

"Verses." By Dora Sigerson. London: Elliot Stock.

## A POET'S CREED.\*

I admire the courage of a young man who writes a book about religion. He has to encounter the malevolence of the sects, the supercilious indifference of people who wonder why on earth he should waste his time in that galley; he has, moreover, to face the criticism of many who have suffered stormy weather on the seas he crosses so lightly, and have made uncertain soundings in the depths which he fathoms without trouble. Mr. Le Gallienne holds a mirror to Theology to show her what a wrinkled old hag she is, and he warns Science that till she has solved the mystery of life she had better not give herself airs of superiority even to Dogma. All this must seem delightfully adventurous to the "typical literary man of the period who sips his absinthe (with a charmingly boyish sense of sin) and reads Huysmans." I never knew a "typical literary man" who had anything "boyish" about him; he is always aged, and he looks down from the Pyramids of intellect with the wisdom of forty centuries. But even he may feel the spiritual audacity of this book, and admit that it has a breezy individuality, a happy humour, and some flashes of insight. Mr. Le Gallienne finds the orthodox organisation of Christianity a system of sheer materialism. That is a discovery in which, perhaps, he has been anticipated. It is not entirely novel that human society has its basis in a system of "give and take," that the infinity of space rebukes the arrogance which creates God in the image of man, or that anyone with an eye for Nature can make his own pantheism with its appropriate symbols. Mr. Le Gallienne applies to the dogmas of original sin, free will, and other sections of the stupendous edifice which theologians have erected just that mother-wit that broke the bonds of ecclesiastical tradition long before he was born. I think he is hasty in the assumption that "modern pessimism means but two things, cowardice and selfishness," because ours is "an age of anæsthetics," and we revolt against the refining and purifying influence of pain. The whole aim of civilised society is to mitigate unmerited suffering, and it is the relative failure of that effort which makes pessimists. But it is not in his propositions that Mr. Le Gallienne is at his best; he is less a reasoner

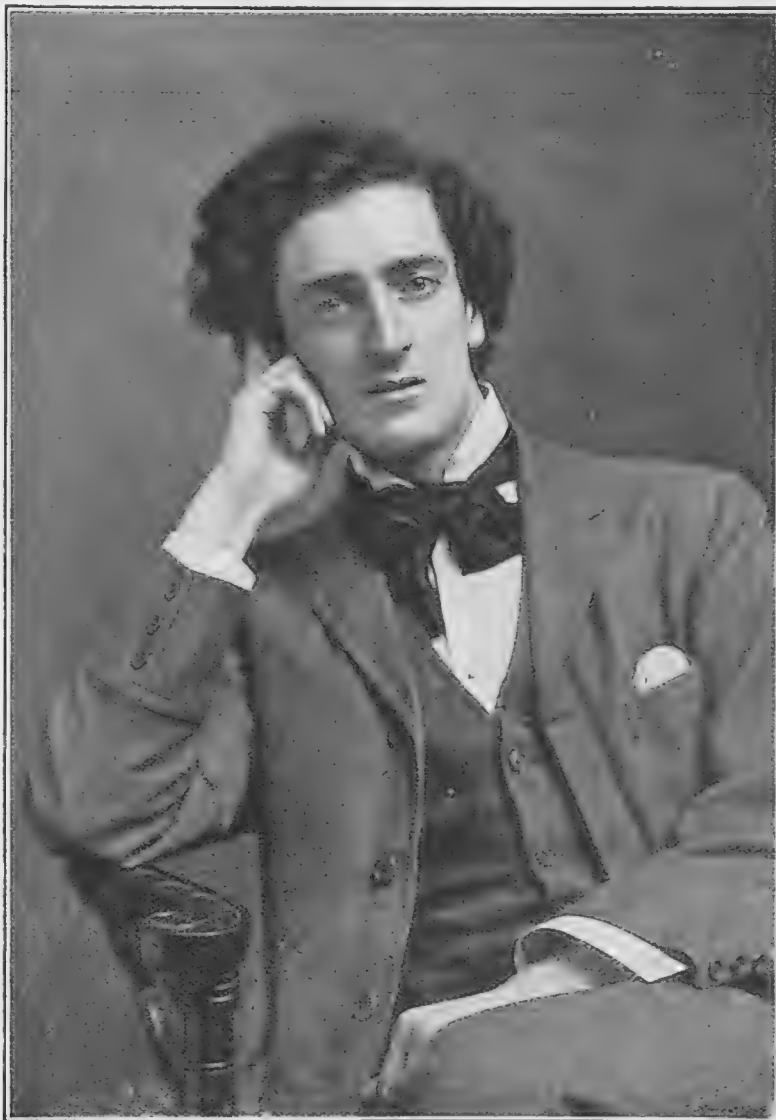


Photo by Russell and Sons, Baker Street, W.

MR. LE GALLIENNE.

and a theoriser than a tissue of healthy impulses and fine perceptions. Spirituality, as he understands it, fills him with a sense of beauty which he finds luminous in all his experiences. It is a gift of temperament which he shares with simple folk, described in a charming passage: and he must not be too hard on the clubman and the literary man (with the absinthe) and the pessimist, who have it very fitfully.

L. F. A.

\* "The Religion of a Literary Man." By Richard Le Gallienne. London: Elkin Mathews and John Lane.

## MORE CHRISTMAS NUMBERS.

Mr. Stead, who is still in America, has missed the pleasure of hearing—on this side of the water, at least—the chorus of praise bestowed on his novel Christmas number. Those who have not read



From the Christmas Number of "Harper's Magazine."

the deeply interesting story entitled "Two and Two make Four," in which the fertile fancy of the editor of the *Review of Reviews* has run delightfully riot, should at once become possessed of the little book, with its capital facsimile of a slate. In it are revealed some of Mr. Stead's ideas as to the possibilities of the future—given that "Jasper Sterling" has the direction of the new daily paper. Through the story flit many clever shadows of famous and infamous people of to-day, and, whatever comes of the proposed organ of public opinion, we must gratefully acknowledge that Mr. Stead has given us a new topic of conversation and a thoroughly interesting book. He wisely shows but one or two fingers of his hand in the "dummy" of the suggested daily paper, bound up with the story.

*Yuletide* (Cassell and Co.), in seasonable and sober green wrapper, has a quiet note about it which is worthy of it. Mr. Stanley J. Weyman, who has been advancing slowly and surely into the front rank of historical novelists, is the author of the story entitled "The Man in Black." The coloured plates are five in number, and include Arthur J. Elsley's "Don't Tell." With *Yuletide* is also presented a carol by "Q.," set to music by Professor C. V. Stanford.

The December number of *Harper's Magazine* (Osgood, McIlvaine, and Co.) has so many contents that it requires a page and a-half to index them, while among its readers there will be, doubtless, none but "contents." Most people will immediately turn to the article on "The House of Commons: Its Structure, Rules, and Habits." This is from the fluent pen of Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., who is more

popularly known as "Tay Pay," although he is dignified on this occasion with the full benefit of his Christian names. Mr. O'Connor has contrived to make interesting and instructive matter out of a subject on which he is well qualified to write as a member of the august assembly he describes so often as a journalist. It is a pity the illustrations are not by some artist who has had the advantage of long acquaintance with the House and its members. Mr. Henry Labouchere's "prayer-card" is distinctly precious. In the page of "Prominent Commoners" the sole representative of the Tory party is Lord R. Churchill. Nine sketches by Edwin A. Abbey accompany Mr. Andrew Lang's "comment" on "Two Gentlemen of Verona." A story which obviously recalls Mary E. Wilkin's placid pathos is "A Second Spring," by Sarah Orne Jewett. It very soon introduces us to a "select man," as usual, and is full of observant skill in depicting character. It is impossible to adequately notice all the excellent articles and illustrations which make up 164 pages of this first-class magazine.

The great feature of the *World* Christmas number is the splendid plate entitled "A Royal Reverie; or, A Reign Reviewed," drawn by versatile Mr. Alfred Bryan with marvellous success. There are certainly three hundred portraits of the famous men and women who have flitted across the stage of life during her Majesty's reign. But why, oh! why is the Premier's face absent from the group of statesmen? Is this intentional? From her Proclamation to her Jubilee we see her Majesty engaged in the various important functions on which the nation has looked with sympathetic interest. Mr. Bryan is, perhaps, at his best in a group of the singers and actors whose names shine like stars in the firmament of this half-century: our memory is pleasantly revived with thumbnail pictures of Grisi, Albani, Jenny Lind, Mendelssohn, Lablache, Mario, Robson, Buckstone, Charles Mathews, and Helen Faucit, as well as Ristori, Charles Keene, the Keeleys, and Mrs. Stirling. In addition to this fine picture, the literary contents deserve notice; they include a play (which Miss Clo Graves warns us has been licensed, performed, and registered), stories by Major Arthur Griffiths, J. Randall, A. Finch Hatton, and others.

For the first time, we have a Christmas number of *Woman*, and a very good sixpennyworth it makes, with its excellent portraits of Princess Maud of Wales and certain "Society" beauties, and other illustrations. The stories are by Mrs. F. A. Steel, Miss Clara Savile-Clarke, Miss Decima Moore, Roma White, and Lady Mabel Egerton.

That smart little magazine, the *Bohemian*, gives in its ninety pages much readable matter and several clever pictures, including a frontispiece by Mr. Solomon J. Solomon.

"On and Off," as *Judy's* annual for 1894 is called, is bound to be popular, being, as it is, an album of the pretty faces and gainly figures of five-and-thirty actresses, beginning with a veteran like Miss St. John, and meandering downwards to the youthful Cissy Loftus. In this gay gallery is Miss Cora Stuart, who is far less known to London playgoers than she ought to be. It was she and her husband, Mr. T. W. Robertson, who first presented provincials with "Sweet Lavender," which, by-the-way, has just appeared in Mr. Heinemann's edition of Pinero's plays, the publication of which was an excellent idea.

Children have a splendid treat before them in the shape of *St. Nicholas* Christmas number (T. Fisher Unwin), which is full of stories, pictures, poems, and puzzles, all of interest to the young folks for whom, avowedly, the gifted editress, Mrs. Mary Mapes Dodge, caters so admirably. A tale by Rudyard Kipling opens the number, and other writers are Mark Twain, George W. Cable, Kate Douglas Wiggin, and Edmund Clarence Stedman—altogether, a good bill of fare.



"I'm sure I heard a funny knocking,  
But nothing's in this empty stocking."

From the December Number of "St. Nicholas."



## THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

"Diana Tempest," Miss Cholmondeley's new novel, is one of the most successful of the season. The first large edition was immediately sold off, and a second is now ready. It is also selling well in America.

Messrs. Bentley are about to publish Maarten Maarten's last novel, "A Greater Glory," which has been running through *Temple Bar*. It will appear in a novel and peculiar binding.

Francis Parkman, the American historian, whose death has been so much deplored, wrote a "Book on Roses," which is worthy to stand with Dean Hole's famous treatise. He also made an essay as novelist, and wrote "Vassal Morten." This, however, is thought to be unsuccessful.

Madame Sarah Grand is busily engaged upon her new novel.

The new edition of the Waverley Novels with introductions by Mr. J. M. Barrie will be looked for with interest. The volumes, I understand, are to be produced in a very artistic fashion, at a very moderate price. Mr. Barrie has been for many years a close, minute student of Scott, and his purpose of writing on his favourite author has been cherished for many years.

Among the heap of gift-books that this season produces by the score, some of the best find their way here from America. One of these is the edition of Holmes's "Autocrat," in two volumes, published by Messrs. Gay and Bird. The illustrations by Howard Pyle are quite in the spirit of the text. The humorous ones are best, in all save one instance, "The Closed Door," which illustrates one of the finest passages in the book, the description of the second door of the heart, shut to the noisy and importunate, opened rarely to gentle guests.

Another book of the gift-book type, also American, is "The Queen of the Adriatic" (Gay and Bird), fully illustrated by photographs. The authoress takes very much the same place in America as Mrs. Jamieson used to do in this country. But it is the Venice of history as well as the Venice of the painters she writes of. Those who have seen Venice, or mean to see it before they die, will be equally glad to possess it as a souvenir or as a foretaste.

Mr. Austin Dobson has found a delightful illustrator for his "Proverbs in Porcelain" (Kegan Paul) in Mr. Bernard Partridge. The Abbés and the Messieurs, the Ninons, Ninettes, and Babettes of Mr. Dobson's delicate little proverbs have all received graceful pictorial embodiment, and not only graceful, but comely and cheerful.

Assume that we are friends. Assume  
A common taste for old costume,  
Old pictures, books,

he begins; and he and his illustrator bewitch the most modern of us into thinking the assumption true—for the length of the book, at least.

The literary man of hasty temperament ought to rejoice at a new method of fastening paper together, by which may be avoided his heart-rending efforts to pierce the corners of manuscripts. It is called the "Perfection" paper-fastener, and for it Messrs. John Walker and Co. deserve thanks.

M. Octave Uzanne is one of the best known of Paris *littérateurs*. Not because he is a *littérateur* of the very first rank, but because in the various delightful journals with which he has been associated, such as *Le Livre* and its successors, he has always preferred to give his utterances a strongly personal tone. He makes his readers feel as if they were being taken into his most intimate confidence, and as if their sympathy were the most precious thing in the world to him. The idea of writing the history and the physiology of the Paris bookstalls could not have occurred to any man so well equipped for the work.

M. Uzanne is a collector, a *connaisseur*; he loves books and respects them, and he keeps an open eye for picturesque humanity too. From his lodgings by the Seine he could look on the bookstalls every day. The result of his literary lounging is a long-expected book, the English version of which has just been published by Mr. Elliot Stock, "Book-Hunting in Paris." Mr. Augustine Birrell, a book-hunter, too, has written a pleasant preface for it. It is a very pretty volume, full of exquisite little sketches of stall-keepers and of scenes on the quays, though M. Uzanne's cheery style of telling you all the ways and habits of the old book trade, and the tales and legends of the *bouquinistes* hardly needed any additional attraction.

Another book for the student in a hurry. Those who wish to improve their artistic education, and cannot purchase or read through Mr. Symonds's Renaissance studies, can now procure a digest of them made by Colonel Pearson, "A Short History of the Renaissance in Italy" (Smith and Elder). Digests of works towards the writing of which went a great deal of artistic endeavour are not often to be recommended, and this one cannot pass without criticism. In summarising, the editor has occasionally omitted some connecting links. But it is a creditable bit of work. Colonel Pearson is intimately acquainted with Italian history, and, besides, he wrote the summary under the eye of Mr. Symonds. That is its best testimonial, for no man, however amiable, would see his good book mauled and distorted, even to gain a wider popularity for its subject.

A volume of very modern stories, modern from the title-page—a very charming one, by-the-bye—to the very last page, is "Key Notes," by George Egerton (Mathews and Lane). It is much too full of the audacities, the hyper-sensitiveness, the overweening sense of the importance of feelings which are characteristic of high-strung people to-day to be a very wholesome book, perhaps. But it is notable.

The writer knows Norway well. Norway seems to have been the nurse of his inspiration, and something of the influence of Scandinavian writers is plainly to be seen in the stories. They have a trick of just hovering on the edge of a scandal, and withdrawing, always withdrawing. Women play the leading parts, and next in importance to women come anglers. Sometimes the anglers are women, too. The sex of the authorship is somewhat of a puzzle.

O. O.

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## \* THE SKETCH \*

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## THE WORLD OF SPORT.

## FOOTBALL.

A very pretty fight the League clubs are making of it this season. There are three clubs—Aston Villa, Sheffield United, and Blackburn Rovers—running neck-and-neck for League honours, while at least three others—West Bromwich Albion, Burnley, and Sunderland—are all possible, if not probable, winners of the championship. Not for many years have Aston Villa had so strong a side or played so consistently. During the past few seasons their friends have had to reproach them time and again that they could not even by chance win a match away from home. This is all changed now, although, of course, with the Villans as with other teams, playing on their own ground gives the club a big advantage.

And this leads one to ask why clubs should play so much better at home than away. The same thing does not apply to anything like the same extent in cricket. If football be a game of skill and not of chance, why should clubs not win their matches on foreign territory with the same ease as they do at home? The fact is that, although we are continually talking about the science of the game, there is a great deal more in football than mere science. Indeed, I should not put down the science of the game as representing more than, say, one-third, or, at most, one-half, of the elements entering into the game. The other elements that make up the game of football are weight, speed, stamina, and dash. The first three qualities are purely physical; but the latter, which we call dash, represents a moral quality on which a very great deal hinges. To possess all the other qualities that go to make up a successful team and not to possess what, for want of a better word, we call dash, is to lack the most essential quality of all. The reason why clubs do so much better at home is not so much because they are used to the ground—for all grounds are now pretty much alike—but to the fact that they are surrounded by sympathetic spectators, who urge them on to greater efforts. As a student of football for many years, I am convinced that any team, Rugby or Association, possessing an inordinate degree of dash with a modicum of science will be far more successful than the club which possesses all the science in the world, and still lack the necessary devilment to make the members' skill tell.

Now, Sheffield United, taking them individually, are not great players. They have one or two men in the very front rank of footballers, such as

as W. Hendry, the captain, and the majority is made up of men who know the game fairly well, and add to their knowledge a wonderful amount of dash and pluck. This is one of the main reasons of the unexampled success of Sheffield United this season. Four years ago Sheffield United were practically nowhere, but under the captaincy of Hendry, a Scotchman, they have so progressed that, on being admitted to the League for the first time this season, they are now second on the list, and, though I hardly think they will win the championship, they will be there or thereabout.

League matches for next Saturday promise to provide some exciting fare. Aston Villa

at home should make short work of Sheffield Wednesday. The latter, through a run of ill-luck, are really in the worst position of any team in the League. A battle royal should be seen at Sunderland, where the champions give battle to Blackburn Rovers. This should prove the stiffest contest of the day, for, curious to relate, the Rovers have never beaten the champions at Sunderland, while Sunderland have never beaten the Rovers at Blackburn. Bolton Wanderers may have enough to do to overcome Newton Heath, and Burnley may find it just as hard to beat West Bromwich Albion. Derby County, at home, may be trusted to go up over the Foresters, and as Sheffield United have already defeated Everton on the ground of the latter, they should have less difficulty in defeating them at home. The match in which prophecy would appear to be at a discount is that between the Wanderers and North End at Wolverhampton. North End are, undoubtedly, the better team on neutral ground, but the disadvantage of playing away from home may be too much for them.



Photo by Messrs. Prophet, Dundee.  
MR. W. HENDRY.

The county match between Middlesex and Surrey to-day at Eastbourne should be extremely interesting. Middlesex have already been defeated by Kent, and very badly by Surrey, and I take it that they will have to play very hard to hold their own against the south coast county.

In the recent Cup-tie match between Woolwich Arsenal and Millwall Athletic nearly 20,000 spectators assembled to see the game. This, I believe, is a record for a match between two southern clubs, although in a final tie at the Oval between northern teams the gate has represented over 30,000 spectators. The Arsenal, which is the only professional club in London, won this match rather easily by two goals to nil. There is no doubt that good football is in demand, even in the London district, for on the same day that Arsenal beat Millwall quite 6000 people saw the Corinthians defeating Bolton Wanderers. This is the first time the Corinthians have beaten the Wanderers. There is some talk of a limited liability company being formed with a capital of £50,000 for the purpose of carrying on a professional football club in the London district. Already a ground has been spoken of at Walthamstow, which will accommodate any number of spectators up to 50,000. Sir John Astley is said to be one of the moving spirits, but I am afraid the difficulty of Londoners getting down to Walthamstow will be too much for the scheme, which contains the germ of a good idea. Were the Surrey Club, for instance, to take up football, with the Oval for its headquarters, we should see twenty to thirty thousand people there every Saturday during the winter. This, however, I am afraid, would sadly interfere with the cricket, and members of the Surrey Club are too much gone on the summer game to give way to the footballer.

The Battle of the Roses, as the match between Yorkshire and Lancashire is called, turned out in a victory for the Yorkshiremen, although they were kept going right up to the end for their victory by 11 points to 3. Contrary to expectations, the Lancashire forwards were quite as good as the Yorkshire scrummagers, but they were rather outplayed behind. So far, Yorkshire have won all their matches, and, looking at the form displayed by the other counties, I can't see anyone likely to haul down the colours of the Tykes. The position of Yorkshire must, of course, be very gratifying to themselves, but it is a pity for the general public that the championship should be practically a foregone conclusion after the first round. Last week I had something to say in praise of Devonshire, and now I find the Devonians have gone and beaten Cornwall by 38 points to 3. How is that for high? Quite high enough, I should think, although, strange to say, Devon's form did not please the critics; but I would venture to say that where a game is so one-sided it is impossible for the winning team to play up to their best standard. It requires opposition to bring out the best play. Cornwall will meet Gloucestershire to-day, but after their poor form against Devon the Cornishmen can hardly hope for success. A county match that will attract considerable attention is down for decision to-day at Richmond, when Surrey will meet the Midland Counties. The Midlanders have high hopes of winning the South-Eastern Division, but I doubt whether they will be able to overcome Surrey to-day.

Next Saturday Cumberland will meet Westmoreland in the county championship. This should produce a splendid fight, although I fancy it is odds on the Cumbrians. On the same day Devonshire will be asked to complete the biggest task they have yet taken on hand, and that is to beat Somersetshire at home. There is no doubt the men of Devon mean to come out at the top of their division, and I think they will just about succeed.

I understand that the North v. South match will be played at Fallow Field, Manchester, on Dec. 16. This is where the final tie for the Association Cup was played last season. It is said to be able to accommodate 68,501; but one more than that number must have crept in last year, for the barriers were forced down, and very few, indeed, saw the game.

## ATHLETICS.

The great race between Thomas and Pearce ended in a victory for the latter by fifteen yards, although neither competitor was able to beat old Father Time. It is now said that Pearce will challenge Thomas over a ten-mile course. This, I rather think, would be a foolish move on the part of Pearce, whose best distance is about four miles. As a rule, the farther Thomas runs the stronger he goes, and anything up to fifteen miles has found him the master of most men.

After the Stanley Show the National. There is no doubt that the exhibits now being shown at the Crystal Palace are as fine a collection as has ever been exhibited anywhere; indeed, I doubt whether the world of wheels, in all the essential departments of the craft, has ever been represented so beautifully and so completely before.—OLYMPIAN.

## AT A DISADVANTAGE.

A mermaid sat in her pearly cave  
And sighed as she combed her hair,  
"What conquests I could make if I  
Could silken stockings wear!"—*Life*.

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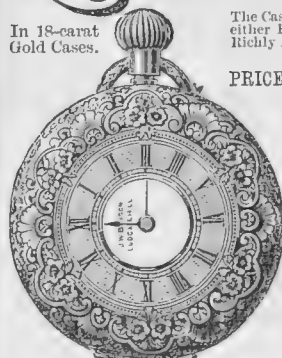
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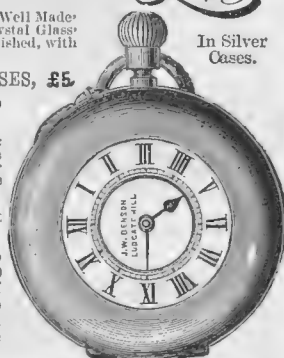
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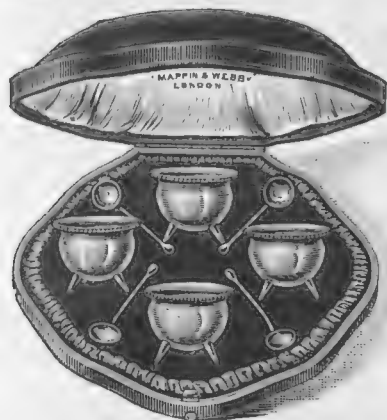
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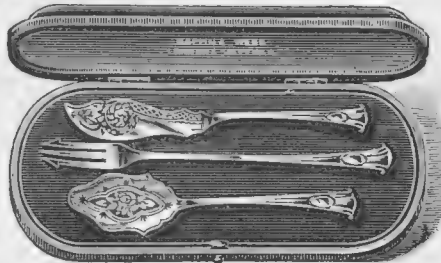
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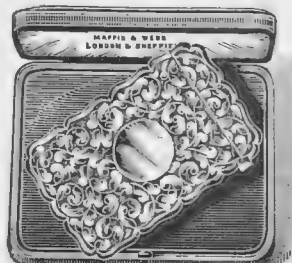
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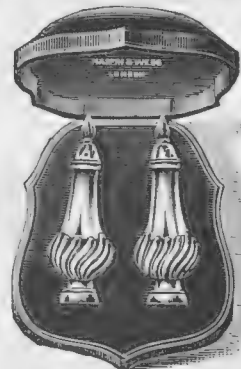
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Jam Spoon, Pickle Fork, and Butter Knife, in case,  
Prince's Plate, 15s. Sterling Silver, **£2 2s.**



Gentleman's Sterling Silver Card Case,  
richly Engraved, **£1 11s. 6d.**  
Ditto, Plain, **£1 7s.**  
Complete in Morocco Cases.



Two Sterling Silver Muffineers,  
Fluted, in rich Morocco Case, lined  
Silk and Velvet, complete, **£2 5s.**



Two Sterling Silver Salt Cellars, Spoons, and  
Muffineer, in best Morocco Case, **£1 17s. 6d.**



Registered Design.  
Handsomely Fluted Sterling Silver  
"Princess" Sugar Bowl, Cream Jug, and  
Sugar Tongs, in Morocco Case, **£2 15s.**



Two Sterling Silver "Dot" Muffineers, in  
Morocco Case, lined Silk and Velvet,  
**£1 2s. 6d.**



Registered Design.  
Six Afternoon Teaspoons and Tongs, in Morocco Case,  
Prince's Plate, **£1 8s.** Sterling Silver, **£2 2s.**

ONLY LONDON ADDRESSES—

158 to 162, OXFORD STREET, W.; and 2, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.

Manufactory: ROYAL PLATE AND CUTLERY WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

(facing the Mansion House.)



All Goods Sold at Wholesale Prices. Designs are Exact Size, and all Goods sent Free and Safe by Post.

**SPECIAL.—OLD GOLD AND SILVER AND PRECIOUS STONES TAKEN IN EXCHANGE OR BOUGHT FOR CASH.**  
VALUATIONS MADE FOR PROBATE AT A SPECIALLY LOW RATE. OLD JEWELLERY REMODELLED.

ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF NOVELTIES  
POST FREE. 1894 EDITION, MUCH  
ENLARGED, NOW READY.



New Diamond Brooch, containing 23 Diamonds and 1 whole Pearl, £4 4s. Bracelet to match, £5 5s. Second Quality Brooch, without Pearl, £2 17s. 6d.

### Bridesmaid's Presents

An Assortment of Elegant and Inexpensive Novelties suitable for Bridesmaids' Presents kept in stock. Special Designs and Estimates prepared Free of Charge.



18-carat Gold Golf Ring, real Pearl Ball, £1 7s. 6d.

Before buying a Present in Silver Plate please write for our Special List of SILVER GOODS, post free from 10s. 6d. to 100 Guineas, admitted by the Press to be the most unique and extensive Stock in London.



Best Gold Shoe, Brooch, 11 Brilliants in £5 15s.



Choice Sapphire and Brilliant Half-hoop Bracelet, £13 18s. Rubies and Brilliants same price.



18-carat Gold Foxhead and Horn Ring, £1 15s.



Handsome Half-Hoop Bracelet, set with 7 White Pearls and 20 Brilliants, £52 10s.



New Best Gold Bracelet, containing 13 Brilliants and 3 Rubies or Sapphires, £8 17s. 6d.



New Scarf Pin, Stones set transparent, Rubies and Diamonds, 30s. Sapphires and Diamonds, same price.



Solid Gold Safety Pin Brooches, this size, 3s. 6d.; larger, 4s. 6d., 5s. 6d., and 7s. 6d. Same in Silver, 1s., 1s. 3d., and 1s. 6d. each. Smaller size, in Gold, 2s. 6d.



New Bracelet, set no Roses, with Brilliants, £8 15s.



New Diamond Violin Brooch. Perfect Model, £6 15s.



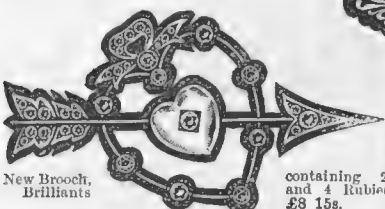
New Diamond Curb Brooch, Stones set transparent, £10 10s.

New Mercury's Wand Brooch, set with 52 Brilliants, 6 Rose Diamonds, and 2 whole Pearls, £31 10s. Same Brooch, with 68 Rose Diamonds and 2 whole Pearls, £21.

TELEGRAMS:  
"RUSPOLI, LONDON."

New Bar Brooch, Harp set with 12 Brilliants, £5 15s.

New Double Heart and Ribbon Bar Brooch, containing 31 Brilliants and 1 Pearl. Stones set transparent, £5 15s.



New Brooch, Brilliants, containing 21 and 4 Rubies, £8 15s.



New Brooch, containing 14 Brilliants, set transparent, £3 15s. Rubies and Brilliants, or Sapphires and Brilliants, same price.

New Diamond Mandoline Brooch, Perfect Model, £6 6s.



New Bridesmaid's Brooch, containing 48 Brilliants, £7 15s.

Handsome Horseshoe Brooch, set with 9 Pearls and 24 Brilliants, £35.

ALL PRICES BELOW  
ARMY & NAVY STORES.  
Court Circular.

An experienced Assistant sent with a selection of goods if desired.

NOTICE.—We have had so many letters asking whether our Diamonds are real, we hereby beg to state that all our precious stones are real; also all Metals we use. We do not sell or keep Imitation Goods of any sort.

FOR OUR SPECIAL SEASONABLE CHRISTMAS BROOCHES. MISTLETOE, 10 6, 15 6, 18 6, and 21. HOLLY, 17 6. XMAS, £2 and £5 5s. MERRYTHOUGHT, from 2 6 to £16 15s. IVY, 15 6, £1 17s. 6d., £3 3s. and £23. See pages 27, 32, 33, 37, 38, 39, 41 and 42 of our Catalogue.

CAUTION.—The Association of Diamond Merchants regret to have to caution purchasers against inferior imitations of their goods, and beg to notify that their only address is as under:

THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS, JEWELLERS, & SILVERSMITHS, 6, GRAND HOTEL BUILDINGS, TRAFALGAR SQ., LONDON, W.C. DIAMOND-CUTTING FACTORY: AMSTERDAM.

## FURNISH BY GRADUAL PAYMENTS.

CALL OR APPLY FOR PARTICULARS.  
NORMAN AND STACEY (LTD).

118, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, E.C.—115 to 129, SOUTHWARK BRIDGE ROAD, S.E.  
Large Stock of New and Second-hand Goods on view in separate departments.



## Seven Prize Medals



"To breathe 'Sanitas' is to breathe Health."—GORDON STABLES, C.M., M.D., R.N.

**"SANITAS OIL"**  
Prevents and Cures  
Bronchitis, Influenza, Diphtheria,  
AND ALL  
Lung and Throat Affections.  
DIRECTION:  
INHALE and FUMIGATE with "SANITAS OIL."  
PAMPHLETS FREE ON APPLICATION.  
THE SANITAS Co., Ltd., Bethnal Green, London, E.

"Sanitas" Oil, 1s. Bottles; Pocket Inhalers, 1s. each. Fumigators, 3s. 6d. each.  
"Sanitas" Eucalyptus Disinfectors, 1s. each. "Sanitas" Eucalyptus Oil, 1s. Bottles.

## 40 ENGRAVINGS FREE. PROF. D. L. DOWD'S HEALTH EXERCISER.

A COMPLETE HOME GYMNASIUM.  
For Brain Workers and Sedentary people: Gentlemen, Ladies, Youngsters, Athletes or Invalids. Takes up but 6 in. square floor room. Over 100,000 testimonials from physicians, lawyers, clergymen, editors, & others now using it. "It sharpens" and sends for illustrated circular, 40 engravings, NO CHARGE.—Scientific Physical Culture School, Presbury Road, MACCLESFIELD.

FIFTY YEARS' WORLD-WIDE REPUTATION.  
**Dr. LAVILLE'S LIQUOR.**  
(PERFECTLY HARMLESS.)  
THE UNFAILING SPECIFIC  
FOR THE CURE OF  
**GOUT.**

From the Dean of Carlisle.

"Deanery, Carlisle, March 14, 1876.  
"Sir, I have so many inquiries on the subject of this letter that it will greatly convenience me, and perhaps benefit many sufferers, if you permit me to say in a few words that I was almost beyond experience a martyr to gout for 25 years! I took LAVILLE'S medicines, which are simple and easy of application. I was cured completely, and after nine years' trial I can affirm that they are a perfect specific and an innocent and beneficial remedy. I have tried them on friends in like circumstances, and they never fail.  
"I remain, yours truly,  
"F. FRANCIS CLOSE."

Price 9s. per Bottle, of all Chemists; or sent post free by F. COMAR and SON, 64, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C. Descriptive Pamphlet sent free on application.



This inimitable COCA WINE is an aid to intellectual exertion, and is indispensable to brain-workers and others who suffer from Debility, Exhaustion, Mental Depression, Dyspepsia, Sleeplessness, Voice Fatigue, also to promote Convalescence. Written Testimonials from over 2000 Physicians. "A powerful rejuvenator and renovator of the vital forces."

Sold by Chemists, Grocers, and Stores, or delivered free by Importers, WILCOX and CO., 239, Oxford Street, London, 4s. per bottle, or 45s. dozen.

## OUR LADIES' PAGES.

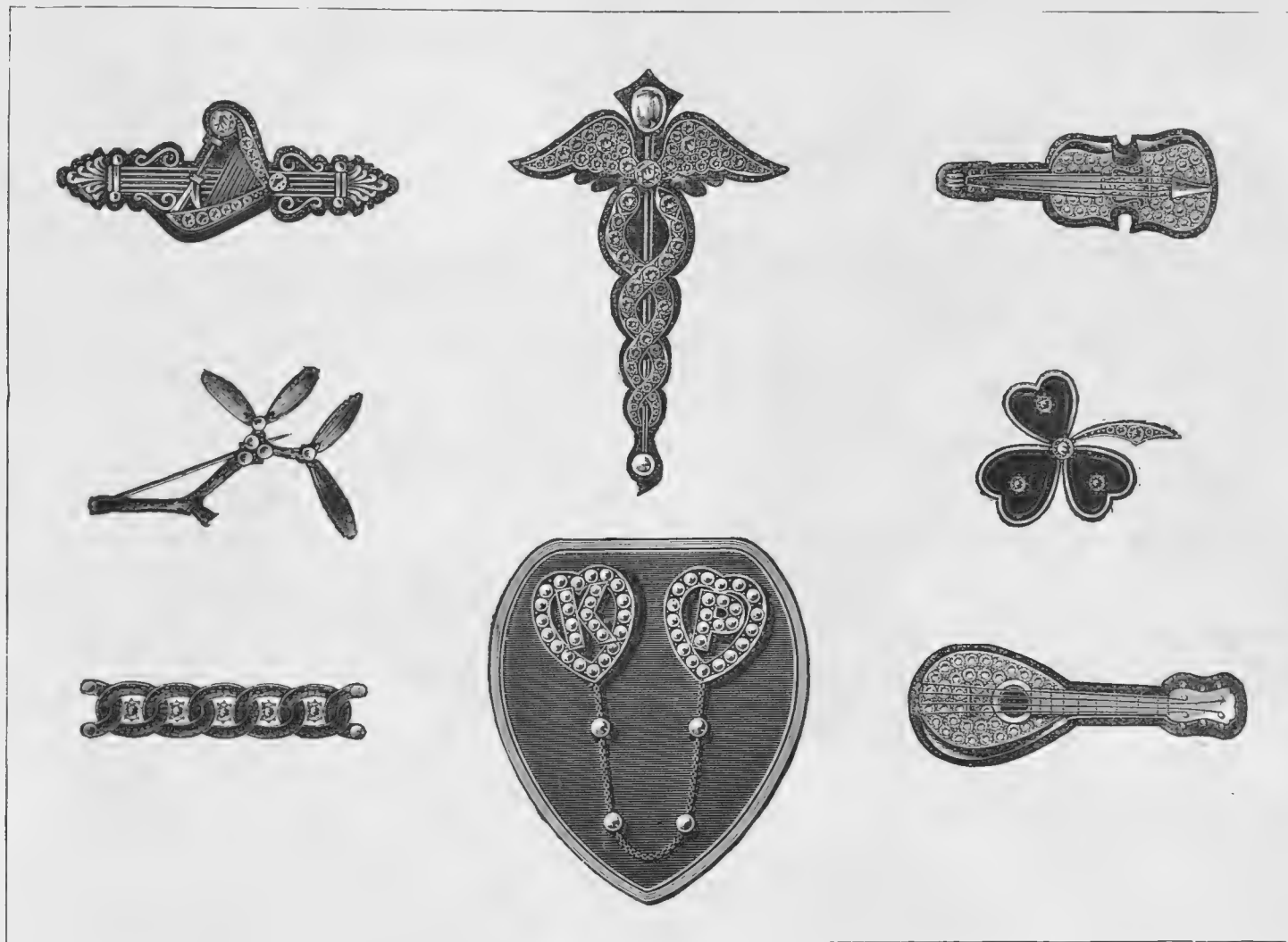
## SHOPPING WITH SANTA CLAUS.

For the next two or three weeks, I am going to transfer my allegiance from Queen Fashion to King Santa Claus, as I think that if I go the rounds of the shops in his company I may be able to save you much weary searching after pretty and suitable presents for the friends and relations whose number seems to come upon one at Christmas time as an overwhelming, and not altogether pleasing, surprise. And if the lords of creation will deign to look through these pages for this occasion only I think I can promise to give them some hints which will ensure any gifts they may make to favoured fair ones meeting with a warm reception, for a woman knows what women like, and most men are generally hopelessly at sea when they try to solve this problem, the answer to which varies considerably in each individual case.

First, then, as jewellery is always a welcome gift, I must ask you to come with me—in spirit, at least—to the Association of Diamond

merchants, and two whole pearls, is sold at £31 10s. That is a Christmas present worth having, is it not? Then, if any of you are indulging in a winter wedding, let me commend to the bridegroom's special notice the new bridesmaids' brooch, of which I give you an illustration. It is charmingly pretty, and is formed of two pearl hearts encircling the initials of the bride and bridegroom respectively, and connected by a gold chain set with four whole pearls. The brooch complete in a dainty case is only £3 17s. 6d.; or, if you prefer to be more economical, you can have it in plain twisted gold for £2 17s. 6d.; while, of course, you can, if you so desire, ring the changes on all the precious stones.

Pretty as these brooches undeniably are, they represent, I can assure you, but one small item out of hundreds equally worthy of mention, and if you want to gain some idea of the extent of the Association's stock you should send by the next post for one of their marvellously got-up catalogues, which will be forwarded post free. You will find it a beautifully bound book, numbering over two hundred pages, comprising illustrations of every imaginable article of jewellery, and



NEW BROOCHES AT THE ASSOCIATION OF DIAMOND MERCHANTS.

Merchants, at 6, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, W.C. No woman would grumble at the addition of another brooch to her jewel case—in fact, the more she had the better she would be pleased—so you will be quite safe in choosing any of those which I have had sketched for you. For girls with musical tastes, what could be more appropriate than one of the three brooches cleverly designed to imitate musical instruments? Very pretty is the gold brooch with a harp set with twelve brilliants, and it is only £5 15s.; while the perfectly modelled violin brooch, closely set with diamonds, is just one pound more, the mandoline being marked at six guineas. The dainty little spray of mistletoe in gold, with real pearl berries, is, as I think you will allow, marvellous value for 15s. 6d.; and then, if you want something novel and fashionable, you can have the shamrock-leaf brooch in red enamel, set with diamonds, or the enamel curb brooch, also effectively combined with the same sparkling stones. This red enamel is beginning to be very fashionable, and will be at the zenith of its popularity, I should think, by Christmas time, so these two brooches deserve special attention.

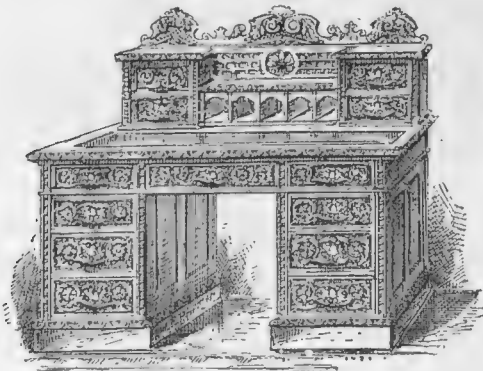
Now, if you want something specially handsome, those of you with pleasantly deep purses and generous hearts can look at the new Mercury's wand brooch, a really magnificent ornament, which can be utilised in a variety of ways, and which, set with fifty-two brilliants, six rose

plate too. It will prove the best possible counsellor and friend during the time of present-seeking, and if by its means you cannot discover an array of presents varied enough to meet the requirements of all your friends, you will, indeed, be difficult to please, for there is something to suit everybody's taste, and, what is, perhaps, almost more important, everyone's purse. Cheapness is, in fact, one of the special features of the Association; and, indeed, so wonderfully moderate do some of their prices seem in comparison with the beauty and first-rate quality of the goods that people are constantly writing to know whether the diamonds are genuine. On behalf of the Association, I can most emphatically assure you that they are, for nothing is kept at No. 6, Grand Hotel Buildings but what is the very best of its kind. Another interesting point worthy of special mention is the fact that here diamonds and other precious stones, instead of being priced in the ordinary way, are sold by weight at strictly merchants' prices, and when a stone has been selected in this way the purchaser may have it set under his own directions and to his own design; while as to the ordinary jewellery, I think that the sketches I have got for you will be the best recommendation I can put forward.

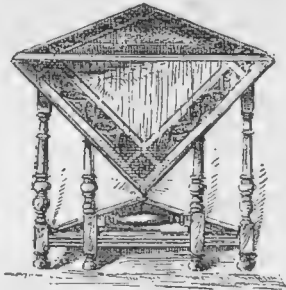
Their collet necklaces and tiaras in brilliants and pearls are marvels of beauty, and, indeed, you would not find them prohibitively extravagant. I can imagine a delightfully generous man gladdening the heart of his

bride or *fiancée* with an exquisite necklet, formed of five rows of choice whole pearls fastened with three buckles, and a gracefully designed tie-bow in the finest white brilliants. Anything more lovely you would find it difficult to imagine, and yet the price is only seventy-five pounds. Diamond suns, too, make most effective brooches, hair ornaments, and pendants; but what took my economical fancy as much as anything

Then, for those of a studious turn of mind, what could be better than the carved oak revolving bookcase, which is sold at £5 15s.? while anyone, I am sure, would find room for the beautiful little antique carved oak corner-table, which is only fifty shillings. All these things are—like everything which is produced by Messrs. Hewetson—



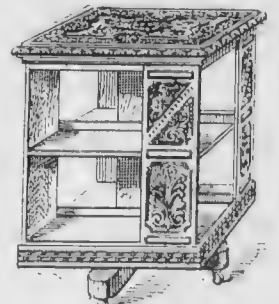
HANDSOME WRITING TABLE.



A CORNER TABLE.



CARVED OAK DINNER WAGON.



A REVOLVING BOOKCASE.

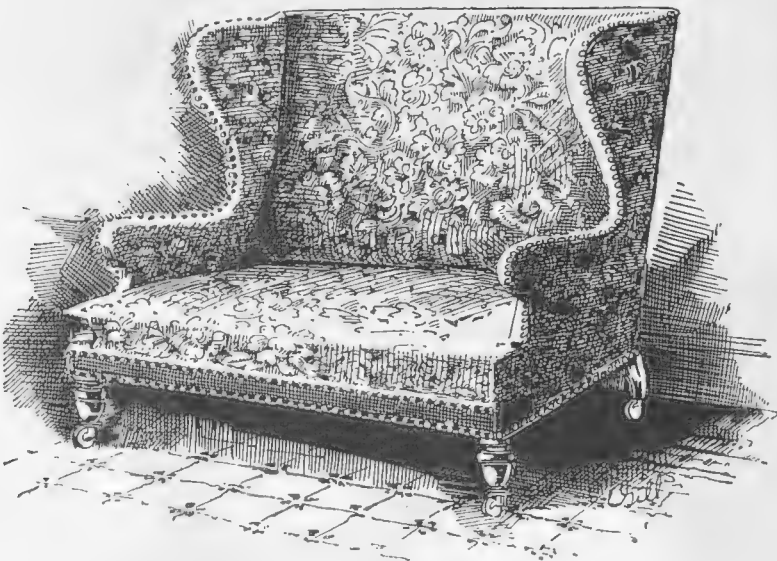
was the charmingly designed brooches of fine Oriental pearls set in gold, and I specially commend them to your notice. A charming pearl new-moon brooch, set with five pearl stars, is—just imagine!—only £2 4s.; while another crescent brooch, formed of three rows of pearls set with a star, with a brilliant in the centre, is only seven guineas. I could go on multiplying examples by the score; but Santa Claus is getting impatient to explore fresh ground, so I will just recommend you once more to get a catalogue and look through it yourself, noting especially the handsome silver plate, the luxurious dressing-bags, and, above all, the beautiful grandfather clocks. I listened with very genuine delight to their melodious chiming, and especially was I attracted by a wonderful reproduction in miniature of Big Ben—a faithful copy down to the

thoroughly well made and perfectly finished off, so you may be sure that anyone to whom you may give them will have a lasting souvenir of you, which will keep your memory green for many a long day to come.

Personally, I must say that I was particularly impressed with the dinner-wagon of beautifully carved oak, of which the accompanying sketch will give you a good idea. I consider it wonderfully cheap, too, for—let me whisper it to you confidentially—it is only £11 10s., and I really do not think that you could lay out your money to better advantage, unless, indeed, you were to expend some of it on one of the greatest bargains I have ever seen, namely, the “courting” settee, a delightfully comfortable seat, especially made for two, like the famous bicycle, and demanding special praise, too, for its quaintly pretty shape and rich appearance, for it is upholstered in handsome tapestry. With all these advantages, I am certain that you would never imagine the price to be only five guineas, and yet such is the case. What more appropriate present could you possibly have for a newly married pair? and, even if they grow tired of billing and cooing in it, it will still be a desirable piece of furniture, and will, doubtless, be appreciated and utilised for its original purpose by some of their friends.

As for all the other ancient and modern furniture of which Messrs. Hewetson have such an enormous selection, is it not all illustrated and described in the excellent catalogue, which will be sent post free on application? So, if you can't go to Tottenham Court Road, at least send for a catalogue on the special recommendation of King Santa Claus and myself. I must just mention, in conclusion, that a grandfather's chair in rich tapestry, matching the settee in style, is only seventy-five shillings, while many people would appreciate the old Sheraton spirit case, which is sold complete at the same price. But there, if once I start again I shall not know when or where to stop, so once more let me refer you to the catalogue.

I should have considered my investigations on the subject of Christmas presents distinctly incomplete had they not included an inspection of Messrs. Wilson and Gill's always fascinating stock, so accordingly I marched off to 134, Regent Street to see what I could find. I found any quantity of novel and beautiful things, so many, in fact, that, as it was hopeless to think of giving you any idea of a tenth part of them, I have just got you sketches of four new and extremely pretty brooches, as these are articles which are always in demand. I think the golden key from which hangs a chrysoprase heart, set in gold, is distinctly quaint, while it certainly has the merit of being uncommon, and when I tell you that it is only thirty shillings I fancy that you will see the advisability of securing such a pretty novelty. Then the flying swallow

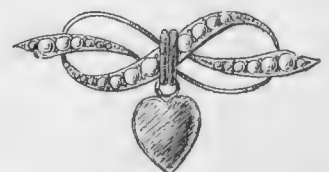


THE “COURTING” SETTEE.

most minute detail. It is christened “Big Ben Junior,” and it is certainly a most marvellous production, even the chime being a softened echo of those grand, far-sounding strokes which we all know so well.

And now, as we wanted to turn for a little while to more serious realities, in the shape of furniture, and look out for some serviceable presents which would be joyfully welcomed by young couples who are meditating matrimony, Santa Claus and I both came to the conclusion that we could not possibly do better than turn our steps to Hewetson's, in Tottenham Court Road, and there I should advise you to follow, if any of the things which I have had sketched for you seem likely to prove suitable as presents for some friend or relative—if not, there are hundreds of other things to select from; so your journey will not be wasted, and I shall be much mistaken in my estimate of human nature if you go away without making yourself a Christmas present in the shape of some particularly fascinating piece of furniture, for, however well and completely a house may be furnished, one always seems able to find room for something more.

I can imagine, when seated at such a delightful writing-table as the one illustrated, that work, to the industriously disposed, would gain an additional charm, while even lazy folk would find it lose a little of its irksomeness. It is a beautiful piece of furniture in richly carved oak, and is fitted with a number of drawers, and with a cabinet and leather top. It is distinctly ornamental and, without doubt, extremely useful, so I do not think that anyone would grumble at paying £15 10s. for it, though, if that is more than you care to give, you can get it without the cabinet top for £11 10s.



FOUR PRETTY BROOCHES.

[Continued on page 329.]



Perfect Health  
for the skin and a  
complexion creamy  
and delicate as the  
blush-rose attends  
the habitual use of  
**Pears' Soap.**

*"For years I have used your  
Soap, and no other."*

*Miss Langtry*

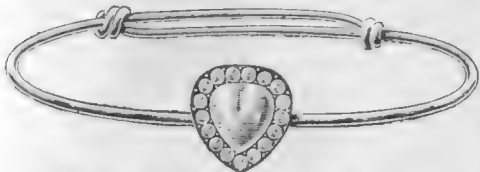


## THE MANUFACTURING GOLDSMITHS' & SILVERSMITHS' COMPANY,

(With which is incorporated the Goldsmiths' Alliance, Ltd. (A. B. Savory & Sons), late of Cornhill, E.C.),

Show Rooms: **112, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.** (Adjoining Stereoscopic Company.)

Supply the Public Direct at Manufacturers' Cash Prices, saving Purchasers from 25 to 50 per cent.



Fine Pearl and Golden Cornelian Bangle. £3.

The Largest and Choicest Stock  
in the World of  
**NOVELTIES IN JEWELLERY**  
suitable for  
**CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.**  
AN INSPECTION INVITED.



Fine Gold Bracelet, £2 15s.

**NEW ILLUSTRATED  
CATALOGUE,**  
WITH REDUCED PRICES,  
POST FREE.

AWARDED NINE  
GOLD MEDALS  
AND  
THE CROSS OF  
THE LEGION OF  
HONOUR.

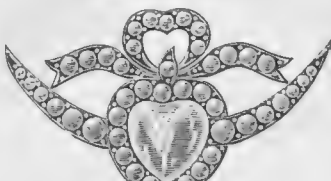


Fine Pearl and Diamond Brooch, £10 10s.  
The same pattern with "Xmas" in Enamel, £6.



Fine Diamond and Golden  
Cornelian Brooch,  
£10.

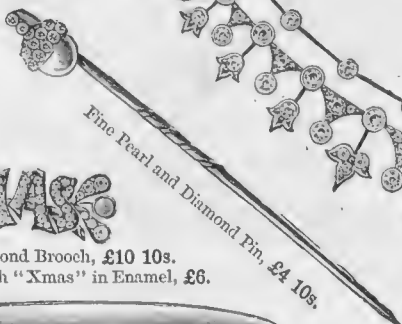
A NOVELTY.  
**Golden CORNELIAN  
JEWELLERY.**



Fine Pearl and Golden Cornelian Brooch,  
£5 10s.



Fine Pearl and Golden  
Cornelian Brooch, £4.



Fine Pearl and Diamond Pin, £4 10s.



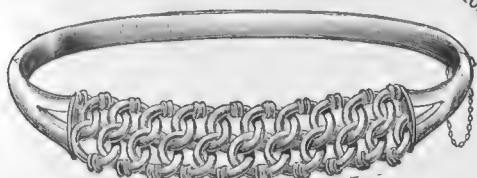
Fine Diamond and Golden Cornelian Pin, £4 10s.

**GOODS FORWARDED  
TO THE COUNTRY  
ON APPROVAL.**

HIGHEST  
AWARDS AT  
CHICAGO  
EXHIBITION.

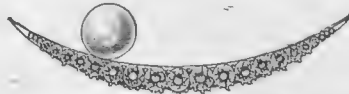


Fine Pearl, Diamond, and  
Enamel Brooch, £10 10s.



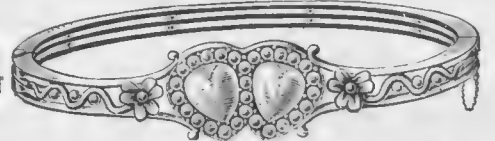
Fine Gold Bracelet, £3.

**GOLDSMITHS  
COMPANY,**



Fine Diamond Necklet, forming Tiara, £50.

**112, REGENT  
ST., W.**



Fine Pearl and Golden Cornelian Bracelet, £5 10s.

# IF YOU COUGH TAKE GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES.

*Containing the purest essence of Norway Pine Tar, these Pastilles are infinitely superior to all other preparations, without presenting the objectionable properties of most other remedial agents, whose action is due to the dangerous narcotics employed in their composition.*

**GÉRAUDEL'S PASTILLES ACT, BY INHALATION AND ABSORPTION, DIRECTLY UPON THE RESPIRATORY ORGANS:**

**THE LARYNX, BRONCHIA, LUNGS, &c.,**

AND ARE INVALUABLE AS A REMEDY FOR

**COUGHS, COLDS, BRONCHITIS, THROAT IRRITATION, HOARSENESS, CATARRH, ASTHMA, &c.**

Testimonial from Mme. ALBANI.



*I have been using Géraudel's Pastilles for some time, and can testify to their being most efficacious for cough or irritation of the throat.*

*There is no doubt of their being of great service to singers.*

*I am,  
Yours very faithfully,  
F. ALBANI GYE.*

Testimonial from Mrs. LANGTRY.



*Your Pastilles for the throat and voice have been tried by me, and I am happy to testify to their beneficial results.*

*Yours faithfully,  
LILLIE LANGTRY.*

Testimonial from Mme. M. ROZE.



*For some time past I have used Géraudel's Pastilles, and they have done me great good.*

*MARIE ROZE.*

Testimonial from Mme. MELBA.



*I find your Pastilles excellent for the throat. I very often use them when I am hoarse, and they do me a great deal of good.*

*Yours faithfully,  
NELLIE MELBA.*

Testimonial from  
Miss FLORENCE ST. JOHN.



*I have pleasure in informing you that I have tried your Pastilles with great success, and although suffering from a very bad cold they gave me such relief that I was enabled to continue my performance without interruption. I can thoroughly recommend them for strengthening and clearing the voice.*

*Yours very truly,  
FLORENCE ST. JOHN.*

Testimonial from  
Mme. SIGRID ARNOLDSON.



*The effect of your Pastilles is simply marvellous. I shall always recommend them to my artiste friends.*

*Yours truly,  
SIGRID ARNOLDSON.*

Testimonial from  
M. COQUELIN aîné.



*I have used your pills with great benefit to myself. Please, therefore, send me a few more cases. You are at liberty to publish these few lines.*

*Yours very truly,  
COQUELIN.*

Testimonial from  
Mme. SARAH BERNHARDT.



*The cold weather is upon us; so be kind enough to send me a further supply of Géraudel's Pastilles.—Compliments.*

*SARAH BERNHARDT.*

**THEIR EFFECT IS INSTANTANEOUS.**

**MORE EFFICACIOUS AND CHEAPER than any other pectoral preparation.**

Upwards of FIVE HUNDRED THOUSAND PATIENTS are cured every year by using these famous Pastilles; more than Forty Thousand have sent testimonials as to their wonderful efficacy, amongst whom are:

**MEDICAL MEN, ACTORS, PROFESSORS, CLERGYMEN, OFFICERS, MAGISTRATES, &c., &c.**

Price per case, 1/1½. Can be ordered through any Chemist, or sent post free on receipt of price from the Wholesale Depot for Great Britain:

**FASSETT & JOHNSON, 32, Snow Hill, London, E.C.**

in beautifully chased gold—every tiny feather being given with wonderfully delicate finish—bearing in its mouth a golden olive-leaf, from which hangs a chrysoprase heart, may also be noted as something new, and I call it very cheap at two guineas—don't you? Very dainty and pretty,

too, is the little gold bow brooch, set with pearls, and finished off with the inevitable chrysoprase heart—there is a perfect rage for these “lucky” stones just now—the sum for which you can obtain it being the modest one of £2 12s. 6d.; while for two guineas you can become the possessor of the gold mistletoe brooch set with pearls, which is one of the most gracefully designed which I have seen for a long time. The natural way in which the leaves are curved is really wonderful. This brooch lends itself particularly well to being used as a hair ornament, but whether the wearer would be considered to be permanently “under the mistletoe” remains to be proved.

Another quaint key-brooch which I saw had a pendent padlock set with pearls, complete in every detail down to a wee key-hole, while on another gold bar brooch three



SEASONABLE GIFTS.

diminutive mice sported themselves with three pearls. But Regent Street is a delightfully accessible place, so next time you are there—and don't put off your visit long—be sure that when you come to No. 134 you go inside and see all the other pretty things for yourself, only give these brooches the first look, for they certainly merit it.

And now suppose that for a change we go to the International Fur Store, Regent Street, where, by-the-way, indulgent husbands should be discreetly taken if they show the least sign of opening their heart and their purse to the extent of a sealskin jacket for a Christmas present. And, on the other hand, if any wife wants to make her husband a present which will be an untold comfort to him through the winter I can cordially advise her to get one of the splendid fur-lined overcoats which the International Fur Store sells at the incredibly low sum of ten pounds. That these coats are well made, it is hardly necessary to say, and in addition to their fur lining they are finished off with fur collars and cuffs. Of course, if you want expensive furs, such as sealskins or beaver,

you will have to pay more. You can ensure the coat being an absolute surprise by taking some old coat or smoking-jacket as a guide to size and measurement, for the people at the Fur Store are quite used to making up these coats without a personal fitting. Even if you pay for your husband's present out of his own money, you will be doing him a good service by expending it to such good account.



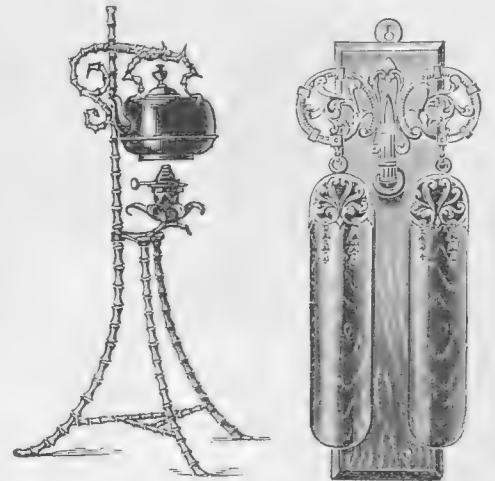
A NEW BOA.

But now to tell you about some novelties which, I think, most of you would appreciate as Christmas gifts. The long flat boa, formed of complete sable skins minus the heads, is quite new and very effective, the collar being formed of a whole skin, with head and tail. It is wonderfully handsome, and would look particularly well with a huge granny muff. The other little sable neck boa appealed to me very much, for it was formed of two sable skins, without the heads, which I cannot bear to see peering out from under a pretty face. I fancy that a great many people share my objection, so there will be plenty to appreciate this pretty novelty. The muff which is sketched with it is very effective, being formed of sealskin, and finished off with a complete sable skin.

A complete silver-fox skin made a very handsome and delightfully warm boa, which would give a wonderful finish to a tailor-made gown, and I gazed with longing at some eminently smart fur-lined driving coats, with huge collars and deep cuffs of fur. Several extremely costly and beautiful ones have been made recently by the International Fur Store for the trousseaux of well-known brides; but there, let me once more advise you to take your husband or your father there to choose a Christmas present for you; there will not be much difficulty in finding something you would like, and, wives, don't forget those wonderful fur-lined overcoats.

There is nothing like having something to suit everybody, so, now, after revelling in costly furs, I want you to look at the illustration of two of Townshend and Co.'s latest productions in their well-known art metal work, and either of which I think you will admit, when I have told you about them, would make exceptionally good, and withal inexpensive, gifts for offering on the altar of Santa Claus. One

is a patent hall brush set, with a polished brass bracket and an oak back, fitted with the best hat and clothes brushes, and sold complete at 19s. 6d. You could not easily find anything more useful, and these sets have the extra advantage of being ornamental, a quality which does not always accompany sterling utility. The other illustration represents the “Whangee” five-o'clock-tea kettle and stand, the particularly graceful design being carried out in polished brass. Though the stand is 2 ft. 8 in. high, it is only £2 5s., and I must not forget to mention that it is fitted with a patent regulating safety spirit-lamp.



THE “WHANGEE” TEA KETTLE.

HALL BRUSH SET.

These are just two articles out of several hundreds, any one of which would make a useful and charming gift for any occasion, and the splendidly illustrated catalogue, which you can get post free by applying to Messrs. Townshend and Co., of Ernest Street, Holloway Road, Birmingham, will prove a perfect mine of wealth, I am sure, to present-seekers. There is every imaginable article you can think of in most effective combinations of wrought-iron and copper or brass, or in polished brass alone: quaintly shaped gongs in endless variety, floor and table lamps, fern pots, fire-screens, clocks, writing sets, and smokers' requisites galore; and everything is artistic, both in design and execution, and in all cases the prices are as moderate as the two examples quoted. Quite apart from its usefulness at this particular season, I should like you to have one of the catalogues, as you will find in it so many charming things which would give a finishing touch to any room. You will be interested to know, I am sure, that Messrs. Townshend and Co. are the makers of the favourite “Alpine” gongs, which are exceedingly pretty to look upon and delightfully musical to hear. In wrought iron and copper they range from forty shillings upwards, and there are a number of other musical gongs, notably, the “Ring o' Gongs” (at 31s. 6d.) and the “Chime o' Bells” (at 42s.), the sound of which is so charming that it makes one wish never to hear again the old deafening boom with which the very name of a gong used once to be associated, though I must confess that when one is genuinely hungry any sound which heralds a meal is welcome. Still, it might as well be musical.

I daresay that, like myself, you have often stood outside Mr. J. W. Benson's windows at 25, Old Bond Street, W., and simply let your eyes be dazzled by the flashing of many diamonds, shown off to the very best advantage as they are by the wonderfully effective setting and background of orange-yellow velvet, arranged in a way that falls little short of genius. I have generally passed on still dazzled, but this time I blinked my eyes and resolutely passed on to the glories inside, determined in the service of King Santa Claus to get some useful information for you, his subjects. I don't think I need tell you that the diamonds were simply superb. You all know that, I expect; but I will just tell you about some charming novelties which Mr. Benson has specially designed and brought out for Christmas, and which are well within the reach of the average present-seeker with a purse of the ordinary depth.



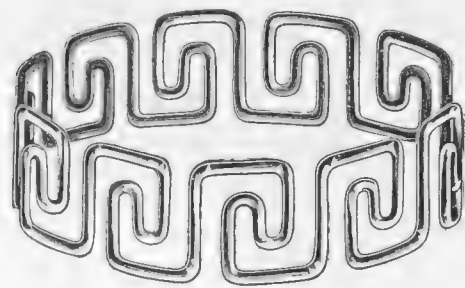
Is it not a quaint idea to have "oughts and crosses" studs, bracelets, and brooches? They are made either in gold and platinum or entirely in gold, but in either case they look extremely pretty and most original. I don't believe there ever was a child who



did not love this time-honoured game, so even for the sake of old associations the new jewellery is sure to be popular, though it is quite strong enough to stand alone on the ground of its own originality and beauty. Then, another new bracelet, the "Grecian," is wonderfully pretty. It is made of solid gold wire, and is practically indestructible, as it has no hinge. Some of them are set with pearls, turquoise, or coral, while diamonds, sapphires, are also introduced—in fact, every kind of stone is used with the best possible effect. Lovers will appreciate the secret or puzzle padlock bracelet, which can only be opened when the chosen word is formed by the letters on the padlock, and the novelty will be much in demand, I should think, as a gift for *fiancées*. Then the girl could reciprocate by presenting her lover or husband with a pair of "Jack's Lucky Beans," otherwise the daintiest possible sleeve-links of white enamel set in gold, in most faithful imitation of the real article, the illusion being completed by the pod case in natural coloured leather, lined with white satin. These links are one of the prettiest novelties of the season, and they will, I am sure, be one of the most successful. Breastpins, too, are always an acceptable gift for a man, and especially pretty is the "acorn" pin in diamonds and pearls. If you will look at the illustration you will see how carefully Nature is copied, for when there are two acorns on a stem one invariably drops, leaving the empty cup.



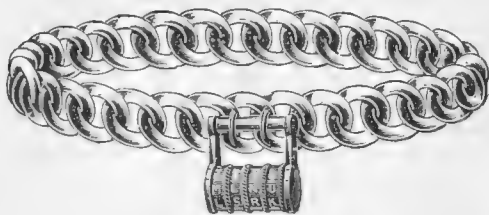
THE "OUGHTS AND CROSSES" BRACELET.



THE "GRECIAN" BRACELET.

The fox-head pin in diamonds would please a lover of sport, and for chess enthusiasts there are miniature reproductions of all the chessmen in diamonds, utilised to form scarf-pins, football players being provided with a diamond pin in the form

of a boot just kicking a pearl ball. A diamond pipe, from which a pearl bubble is being blown, is another quaint design; but there are dozens of others if only I had more space. I must tell you, though, of some daintily lovely necklets, formed of the fashionable enamel, in conjunction with pearls, the pendent hearts which were attached to some of them being of enamel in one or two colours to match the necklet, and studded with pearls or diamonds. They are wonderfully effective, and I should like you to see them for yourself, as the colouring is so lovely; but whether you go to see them specially or not, be sure to go to 25, Old Bond Street to look for Christmas presents, because you will find stores of the loveliest things imaginable there, and I can assure you that you will be astonished at the moderation of the prices. I have only given you a hint of a few of the novelties, there are scores of others to surprise and delight you, for I rarely knew a



THE "PUZZLE" BRACELET.



Christmastide when pretty presents were so thickly scattered abroad. I am sure I have told you quite enough to take as soon as possible the final advice which is given to you this week by King Santa Claus through the medium of

FLORENCE.

## THE SCOT AND HIS PATRON SAINT.

The Scot is never so enthusiastic as when his nationality is concerned, and he is never so conscious of his nationality as when he comes into a strange and among strange people. Twice a year, wherever he may be, he remembers the land of his birth—the day of his patron saint, St. Andrew, and the anniversary of the birth of Robert Burns. Most peoples are content with one saint. The Scot demands two, for to all intents and purposes Burns is the real saint of Scotland. He is tangible, while poor old St. Andrew belongs to a period which his subjects, instinctively sceptical of the undemonstrable, are apt to regard as mythical. Indeed, in Scotland itself St. Andrew's Day is scarcely recognised except by the Freemasons. On this side of the Border, however, St. Andrew still remains in undisputed possession of his sons' affection, and his enthusiasm must have vent at all costs. Indeed, as the "largest circulation in the world" reminded Londoners on Friday morning, "Englishmen did their best to try to feel at home in their own capital, but failed, and simply resigned the Metropolis to Scotchmen for the night."

And it was a night, from the dimness of Great Queen Street and the Freemasons' Tavern far away over London to the Crystal Palace. The great feast of the evening was, of course, the festival (the 229th) of the Scottish Corporation, held in the aforesaid tavern, under the presiding genius of Lord Roberts, who looked smaller than usual in the crowd of men who gathered in the reception room. "Kilted men to the front!" sang out the burly toastmaster, with the air of a general on the field of battle, and the kilted men, quite a score, headed by the Queen's piper and the Corporation beadle, filed into the banquetting hall—decorated with the arms of the clans—where 350 Scots sat down to dinner, including Lord Roberts's predecessor in India, the veteran Sir Donald Stewart, Lord Mountstephen, Sir Herbert Maxwell,



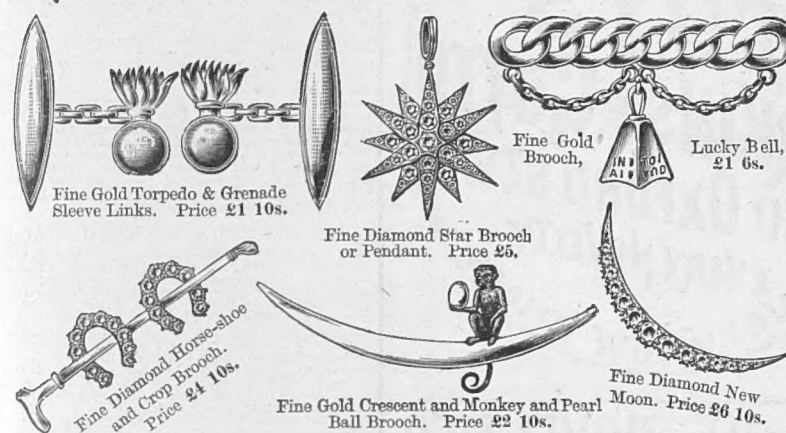
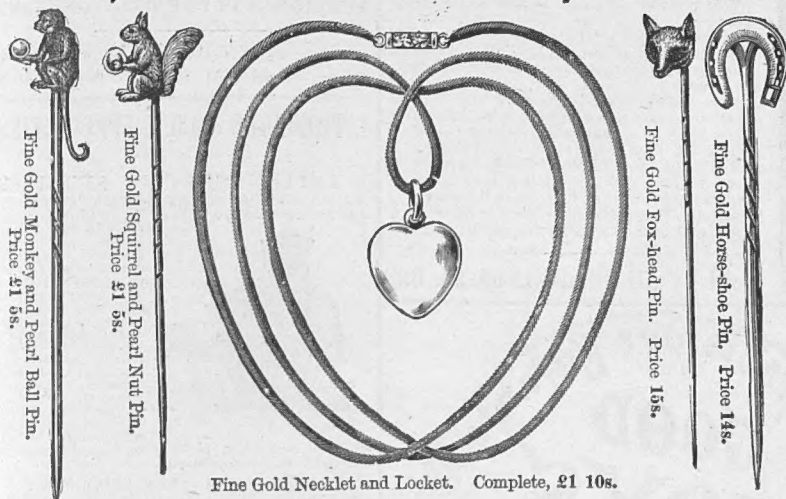
MENU CARD OF THE SCOTTISH CLUB.

Mr. William Black—who will, doubtless, yet describe the function in three volumes—Mr. MacWhirter, and others too numerous to mention, as the dinner-sick reporter puts it. Lord Roberts, like Mr. Gladstone, claims to be, among other nationalities, a Scotchman. Professionally, he admires the land of those gay Gordons who charged at Waterloo on the stirrup of a Scots Grey with a thundering "Scotland for ever!" His mother was Scotch. Last year he dined at two St. Andrew's Day dinners—at Mian Mir with the King's Own Scottish Borderers, and at Umballa with the Highland Brigade, the latter function being delayed a day in his honour. Then within the last few weeks he has been made a free burgess of Edinburgh, Glasgow, Dundee, Inverness, and Dunbar. With such a pedigree his reception was wildly enthusiastic, some gentlemen actually greeting the toast of his health with Highland honours. The cohesiveness of the Scotchman was the point most strongly dwelt upon by Lord Roberts, who found in it the germ of Imperial Federation. The thrift of the Scot was the theme of the American Ambassador, Mr. Bayard, who made the speech of the evening. To an outsider the whole thing was an object-lesson, never to be forgotten, of the clannishness of the Scot, although some of his characteristics were not so much in evidence as they had been at home. For instance, the company almost broke up without singing "Auld Lang Syne"—a lamentable falling off. At the house dinner of the Scottish Club in Dover Street we find in the menu, which is here reproduced, that the London Scot has come to dilute his whisky "wi' some watter 'Johannis'"; a falling off—if it is, indeed, so—fully compensated for by the wit of the chairman, Dr. George Ogilvie, who is as admirable a *raconteur* as Soutar Johnnie himself.

The day was celebrated in many other ways. The London Scots had a Cinderella dance, while concerts were given at the Albert Hall, St. James's Hall, where Mr. Santley caused great merriment by singing "M—h'm," and at the Crystal Palace, where Miss Jessie MacLachan gave some songs in her native Gaelic. In fact the Metropolis was resigned to Scotchmen for the night.

# WILSON & GILL

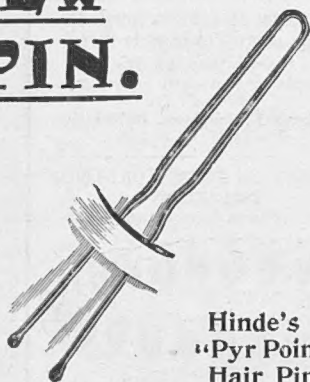
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### DRESS KID GLOVES.

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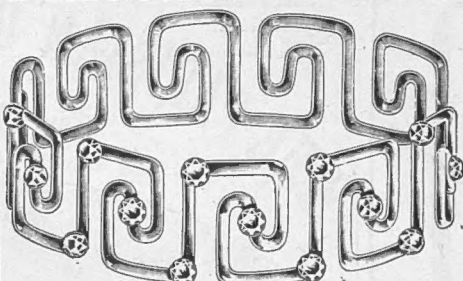
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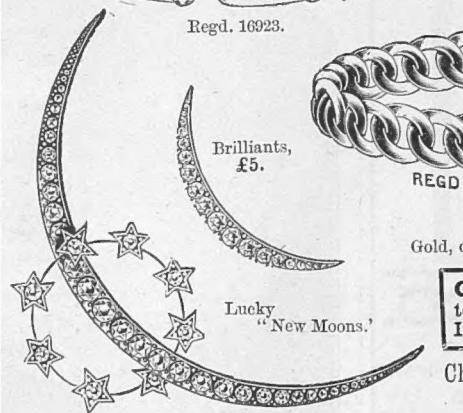
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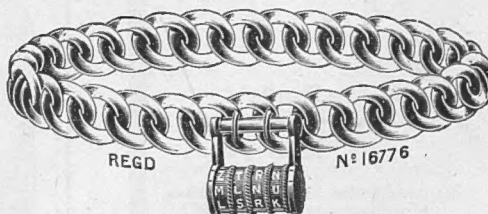
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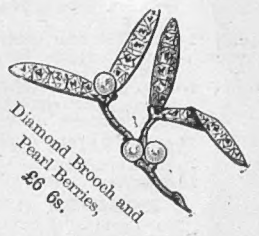


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## NOTES FROM THE EXCHANGE.

*"All is not Gold that Glitters."*

DEAR SIR,—

Capel Court, Dec. 2, 1893.

Things are a little more cheerful than they were in the middle of last month, and the settlement has passed off without trouble, as, in fact, it always does when there is a margin in favour of buyers. The remarks in your last letter as to the tendency of the majority towards "buying that which they do not want" rather than "selling that which they have not got" are very true, and are well known and recognised upon the Stock Exchange, where it is an accepted axiom that a general improvement in prices means a good time for jobbers and brokers alike.

The making-up prices of the most popular Colonial stocks show a rise of about 2 per cent., while among Internationals, Mexican Government bonds gave the "bulls" a turn of six points, while in active stocks, as Brighton A, Erie Second Mortgage, and the like, the improvement has been continued since "making-up" day until some of the extreme optimists are beginning to convince themselves, and trying to convince their friends, that we are really on the eve of the "good time coming." As a matter of fact, dear Sir, sober views of the position are gradually beginning to be recognised in the City, and sound securities are being quietly bought and locked up, while the market for rubbish gets worse and worse.

We begin to fear that as far as Colonials are concerned the public are absorbing stock a little too fast—not that we think as dividend paying investments there is any danger, but the lesson of the past disastrous times may easily be forgotten, and it would be a thousand pities if the good resolutions with which the Parliament Houses of Brisbane, Sydney, and Melbourne have lately been paved were too soon to be put to the serious test.

On the whole, we feel satisfied with the course of prices in the United States railway market, and more than satisfied with the proposed reform of the oppressive tariff law from which the country has been suffering. We expect a gradual and steady improvement all over the States, an early reconstruction of those roads which have been forced into the hands of receivers during the late bad times, and a quiet but sure return of confidence, brought about by sound currency legislation and the expansion of trade, which is certain to follow a repeal of those artificial restrictions which were imposed by the Republican party to benefit the few millionaire manufacturers by whom the sinews of war for the Protectionists were provided.

You suggest that you would like to purchase some fairly cheap American Railway bonds which would pay you about 4½ per cent. or 5 per cent., and would not expose you to undue risk. For a gilt-edged security you cannot do better than Illinois Central Railroad bonds, yielding 4½ per cent., and for a better return Louisville fifty-year gold bonds, giving a return of about 5½ per cent., but please understand that the two securities are not on the same level, although, in our opinion, the annual return is, humanly speaking, fairly secure in either case. If you would like a plunge—not over dangerous, considering the views we hold about the prospects of general improvement in America—you might do worse than buy a few Atchison Topeka and Santa Fé Guarantee Fund Notes, which will give you over 7 per cent. on your outlay at the present price of a fraction over 96.

The Italian financial position is not pleasant, especially in view of the collapse of the Credito Mobiliare, while that of Greece is melancholy; but you have never been recommended, dear Sir, to dabble in these stocks by us. Why a rational mortal should buy Egyptian Unified at (with brokerage) 102 we do not know, especially when we consider how easily a scare can be got up by some freak of the boy Khedive, or the massing of a few French and Russian ironclads at a Mediterranean port. For ourselves, we would far sooner run a "bear" than a "bull" of the stock at the present price, although very possibly differences might go against us for months.

From Australia we hear very good accounts of the financial outlook, and the prospects of some of the reconstructed banks. Your large interests in several of those institutions which suspended payment in the blackest days of the panic make us feel sure that this news will be very grateful to you, and, as it comes from careful commercial men living in both Sydney and Melbourne, we are able to vouch for the improved prospects, of which our correspondents speak so hopefully. No doubt, you must make up your mind to a loss of income for some considerable time; but the money you have paid to the various reconstructions will, unless our information is quite wrong, prove in the end not unremunerative.

The directors of the United States Brewery Company have declared an interim dividend at the rate of 10 per cent. for the six months ending Sept. 30 last on the ordinary shares, and we hear that the sale barrelage shows a satisfactory increase.

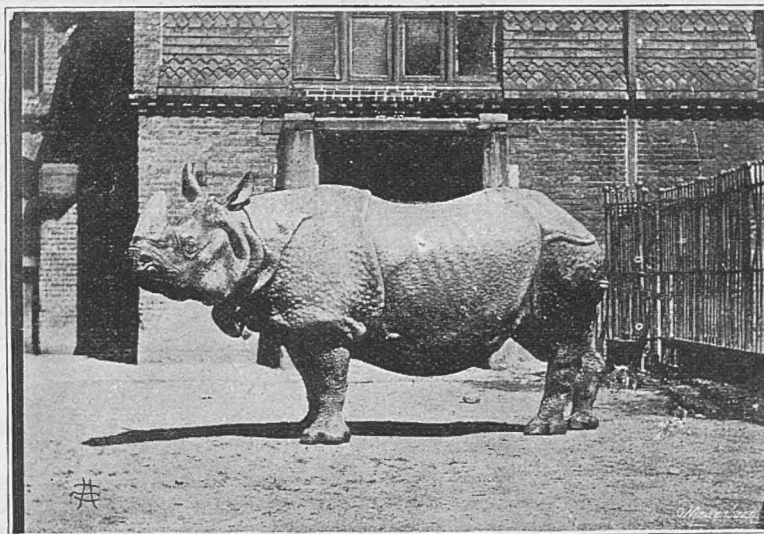
Although there are nominal fluctuations recorded in the shares of the Trustees Corporation, it is impossible to buy a parcel at anything like the quoted figure. We have been trying to secure for a client 100 shares at 6 discount all the week, and have only succeeded in obtaining half the parcel as a great favour. We tell you this, not because we advise you to buy, but that you may understand how misleading is the current quotation. Some months ago we told you that Imre Kiralfy's Venice show was going to be brought out as a company, and now the preliminary advertisements and Press puffs are appearing. We strongly advise you to have nothing to do with the concern.—We are, dear Sir, yours faithfully,

S. Simon, Esq.

LAMB, SHEARER, AND CO.

## "OLD JIM," AT THE ZOO.

"Old Jim," the Indian rhinoceros (*Rhinoceros unicornis*) has long been one of the attractions of the Zoological Gardens. He was brought home by the head-keeper in 1864, with a collection of animals got together in India by some corresponding members of the Society, and has lived in the Gardens for nearly thirty years. The natural life of a rhinoceros has been estimated at a century; and a specimen, full-grown when captured, lived in confinement in India for thirty-five years, so there is reason for hoping Old Jim will accept the buns and biscuits of visitors for many a year to come. The Indian rhinoceros is found in the great forest district which fringes the base of the Himalayas. Bishop Heber



"OLD JIM," THE RHINOCEROS AT THE ZOO.—HENRY SANDLAND.

Exhibited at the Gallery of the Photographic Society of Great Britain.

had some idea that they might be utilised for beasts of burden, as is the elephant, though he adds, "except that as their pace is still slower than his their use could only be applicable to very great weights and very gentle travelling." Apparently, the idea never occurred to the natives of India, or if it did it never took practical shape.

The Indian rhinoceros differs chiefly from the African species in having their thick hide disposed in massive folds, an arrangement which led Broderip to speculate whether a rhinoceros might not be a warm-blooded creature made after the fashion of the cold-blooded tortoises "with improvements."

Jim is said to be twelve feet long, and the same in girth, while his height at the shoulder is a little under five feet. His daily allowance of provender consists of two trusses of clover-hay, a quantity of oat-straw, a pailful of bran and rice, a bundle of twigs, and half-a-score or so of hard biscuits. He is always ready for the offerings of visitors, in the shape of buns, biscuits, or apples, for which he will come up to the bars of his paddock and stand open-mouthed, though not patiently, for he will snort reproachfully if kept waiting. If a biscuit be thrown on the ground he will take it up with his prehensile upper lip—as, indeed, he would do, gently enough, from one's hand—but most people will prefer to drop their contributions into his cavernous mouth. Having seen Jim make this hand-like use of his upper lip, some natural history may be learnt practically by feeding the asses with biscuit from the open hand, then visiting the tapirs, and observing how their upper lip is developed into a short proboscis, or food-gathering organ. This grasping function of the upper lip is one distinguishing mark of the group of hoofed animals to which the horses and asses, rhinoceroses and tapirs belong. A sheep or an antelope would sweep the biscuit into its mouth with its tongue.

H. S.

## A QUAIN ADVERTISEMENT.

The following quaint advertisement appeared in an obscure part of the *Daily Telegraph* on Saturday: "Through the Looking-Glass.—Mr. Lewis Carroll, after having for over twenty-five years made it his chief object with regard to his books that they should be of the best workmanship attainable at the price, is deeply annoyed to find that the last issue of 'Through the Looking-Glass,' consisting of the sixtieth thousand, has been put on sale without its being noticed that most of the pictures have failed so much in the printing as to make the book not worth buying. He requests all holders of copies to send them to Messrs. Macmillan and Co., 29, Bedford Street, Covent Garden, with their names and addresses, and copies of the next issue shall be sent them in exchange. Instead, however, of destroying the unsold copies, he proposes to utilise them by giving them away to mechanics' institutes, village reading rooms, and similar institutions, where the means for purchasing such books are scanty. Accordingly, he invites applications for such gifts, addressed to him, 'Care of Messrs. Macmillan.' Every such application should be signed by some responsible person, and should state how far they are able to buy books for themselves, and what is their average number of readers. He takes this opportunity of announcing that, if at any future time he should wish to communicate anything to his readers, he will do so by advertising in the 'Agony' column of some of the daily papers on the first Tuesday in the month."



## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A CAUTIOUS CONSERVATIVE."

The Solicitor-General has been in his best form lately. Asked the other day, in the debate on the Parish Councils Bill, who the poor were, he succeeded after some hesitation, in giving the portentously reasonable answer, "Those who are not wealthy." And, again, the Government being requested to say what the phrase "for public purposes" meant in a clause empowering the new councils to raise money, Sir John Rigby ingenuously gave his colleagues away by announcing, without a tremor, that he could not absolutely say. "It is not for me to define; I can't; let the Law Courts decide," proclaimed this heaven-born law officer of the Crown. The sport of Rigby-baiting is, indeed, somewhat stale, but such specimens of incapacity are a little too much for patience. As a lawyer Sir John Rigby may enjoy the prospect of unlimited appeals from court to court over phrases that Parliament pretended it had no time to give intelligible meaning to. I only note the instance as showing how the Parish Councils Bill has been conducted in the Commons. It is not merely that Sir John Rigby relies on litigation to settle simple matters of legislation: Mr. Asquith is in line with him there, in trying to force workmen to litigate with their employers instead of combining amicably to insure themselves against accidents. But the point is that this is a clear instance of the House of Lords being forced to amend the Bill. The Government are once more relying on the House of Lords to do their work for them, in spite of all their sneers. After all, it is only a choice between the House of Lords as a legislative assembly and the House of Lords as an appellate judicial tribunal. Sir John Rigby might, possibly, prefer his little muddles to be so settled that his learned brethren should get fees out of some interesting cases, but it is simpler for the right hand of the Upper Chamber (the legislative hand) to forestall the left (the judicial).

## THE QUESTION OF TIME.

Meanwhile, the dull debate on this Bill drags on, and even Saturday sittings can hardly succeed in getting the Bill through before Christmas. Though the subject is dull, the Bill covers a wide field, and the drafting has been done so badly that the experts who do discuss it have to be continually on the watch. It is not a large House now during discussions. The influenza has fixed upon more than one prominent and overworked member; everyone is sorry to miss John Burns and Mr. Balfour, and, as far as divisions are concerned, the bulk of voters come in from the smoking-room, without attending the debate at all. Mr. Walter Long and Sir Charles Dilke are the men who have shown themselves the greatest masters of the subject in all its complicated detail. Indeed, Sir Charles Dilke has notably improved his position in the House by his devotion to this Bill; he has shown such an intellectual grip of its details and such a comprehension of its necessities and consequences as none but a real statesman possesses. Nevertheless, with all the work that is put in by a few men so faithful to their duties as these, the Bill is being regularly scamped by the Commons. The necessary consequence is that it must be all the more carefully considered in the Upper House. How this can be done in time for a prorogation of Parliament before well into January or February, no one yet sees.

## OCCASIONAL LIVELINESS.

I can refer shortly to the few lively incidents that have occurred. Mr. Darling's "score" off Mr. Asquith was one. After arguing that the Anarchist meetings in Trafalgar Square acted as a safety-valve, the Home Secretary had changed his mind, as I suggested he would, and refused to allow a second meeting. He had managed to find out that the Anarchist programme included the "wholesale massacre of innocent persons," and quite such an unlawful object, of course, could not be encouraged. Most right and proper; only, as Mr. Darling began to remark, "How does the right hon. gentleman reconcile this decision—" But the Speaker's "Order, order," put an end to this very pertinent and legitimate crow on Mr. Darling's part. Then there was Mr. Gladstone's inevitable answer to Mr. Keir Hardie anent the unemployed. "Will the Government appoint a Commission to inquire?" asks Mr. Hardie. "No," says Mr. Gladstone, the Labour Commission are just about to issue their report on the subject, and that is enough; besides, the proper persons to move in the matter are the local authorities, and Mr. Fowler has already set them to work. Could anything be more conclusive and yet more non-committal?

## CHAMPIONS OF LABOUR.

I must not omit a reference to the second reading of the Employers' Liability Bill in the House of Lords. There was a good muster, Lord Salisbury arriving a little late from his campaign in Wales, but not too late to assist Lord Londonderry when, at the end of his speech, he was in want of a word. What can the Radicals make of the "Tory Caucus" now? Here were the Conservative majority standing up, not specially for any aristocratic privilege, not even for a Tory Bill, but for an amendment that a Liberal member had failed by the narrow margin of eighteen votes to get inserted during the debate in the Commons. The Peers have done wisely over this Bill. Instead of going off, as some people advised, into objections to the abolition of the doctrine of common employment and so on, they are concentrating their energies on the contracting-out clause. This clause will certainly be inserted, and, moreover, it is practically certain that the Government will give way on the point.

## PARLIAMENT.

BY "A RASH RADICAL."

In these days one has to search long before discovering a point of human interest in the Parliamentary world. The Parish Councils Bill is very important, very interesting to the student, the lawyer, the countryman. Moreover, though it arouses keen zest on the one hand, and a certain shuddering dislike on the other, there is not in it the historic element, the keen war of personalities, which gives the Irish controversy at once its virulence and its distinction. Still, it is not uninteresting to watch the play of forces, especially of hostile forces, which the discussions in Committee have gradually evoked. I think the Opposition, with the exception of the Unionists, thoroughly hate the Bill, and there are not half-a-dozen country gentlemen who would not like to see it strangled to-morrow. Most of them are afraid to say this or to show their hand too palpably, but they are laying every kind of Parliamentary plot to embarrass the Government. During Mr. Balfour's absence, the chief figure on the front Opposition bench has been Sir Michael Hicks-Beach, whose want of personal magnetism was responsible for the failure of what was once a promising career. Sir Michael has in these latter days, now that Lord Randolph's influence has been removed, sunk into the mere rank-and-file of country-gentleman. His tall figure represents only a milestone in the history of his party, a date, a morsel of stale intrigue, a bit of bygone plotting. Now, as you look at Sir Michael you can only stare in wonder at the notion that anybody should have thought it worth while to change Sir Stafford Northcote—the Sir Stafford Northcote—for him. As for his leadership of the Bill, it is very Conservative, and he gives Mr. James Lowther even a looser rein than Mr. Balfour thought it wise to allow him.

## LOWTHER PASHA.

The result is that we have Mr. Lowther in full cry with his Bashibazouks, his Bowleses, his Hanburys, his Bartleys, his Stanley Leightons, his Tomlinsons at his heels. Mr. Lowther plays his game coarsely, as it is not in his nature to do anything else, but as thoroughly as he played it over Home Rule. The other day, for instance, he made a little speech, and concluded it with the remark, delivered as an aside to the benches behind him, that he advised his hon. friend to press the motion to a division, "but not yet awhile." The hon. friend naturally took this hint, and on these lines we have had an exemplary waste of time. Some of the obstructors, men like Mr. Stanley Leighton, do unquestionably know something of the Bill and of country life. But that is not the case with men like Mr. Bartley, Mr. Bowles, or even Mr. Hanbury, with all his rather loose strain of ability, has shown to less advantage over this Bill than in any other Parliamentary situation in which I remember him. Whether, under these circumstances, the Bill is likely to be through before Christmas is doubtful. The Government have still before them the discussion of the land clauses, the churches and charities clauses, and the Poor Law clauses, on the latter of which the Tory Opposition will crystallise. Practically, therefore, the Government have, so far as the Tories are concerned, to meet quite as hostile an Opposition as they have had to encounter in the case of Home Rule.

## THE UNIONIST ATTITUDE.

The one difference lies in the attitude of Mr. Chamberlain and his followers. No one can have helped noticing the large figures of the Government majority. They are due almost entirely to the practical reunion of Liberals and Chamberlainites for this one purpose of Parish Councils. In nearly all the crucial divisions in which it has been sought to minimise the scope of the Bill Mr. Chamberlain and his followers have voted almost *en masse* for the Government. Their speeches have been conciliatory, useful, and rarely, if ever, obstructive. For the first time, indeed, since the split, the Unionists have pursued the genuine Unionist policy of making Home Rule a question by itself, regarding themselves on other subjects as a mere detached wing of the Ministerialist or Liberal hosts. That was not the case, however, over Employers' Liability, where Mr. Chamberlain's temper and wrong-headedness threw him into the arms of the Whigs and the Tories. But on this Bill he has for the first time taken a line of his own—a wise line, both his friends and his foes will agree. It has produced no friction with his allies, who, perhaps, understand that on a question of this kind Mr. Chamberlain has his own cards to play, even if they do not happen to run with the Tory suit.

## THE LORDS AND LIABILITY.

Again we are reminded to thank God that we have a House of Lords. The Peers are sitting, and are prepared to make short work of the Employers' Liability Bill. The debate on the second reading of the Bill was opened by Lord Ripon, who always speaks sympathetically, but whose small length and costive, clerical delivery rather spoiled the effect of a thoughtful speech. But the debate, with occasional exceptions, strayed back to the commonplaces of a controversy which has already been threshed out in the Commons. The Duke of Argyll was, of course, equal to the occasion. It always seemed to me as if creation had laboured, and laboured through timeless æons, to produce a perfect physical representation of self-sufficiency, and had at last succeeded in the case of the Duke of Argyll. He has lately been found out and convicted of the most shameless misrepresentation and of controversial methods which would have discredited a Defoe. Bless your soul, that makes no difference to the Duke; he sat in his seat as positive as ever, and his speech had the old oracular note. As for the Bill, the Lords will mutilate it without remorse.